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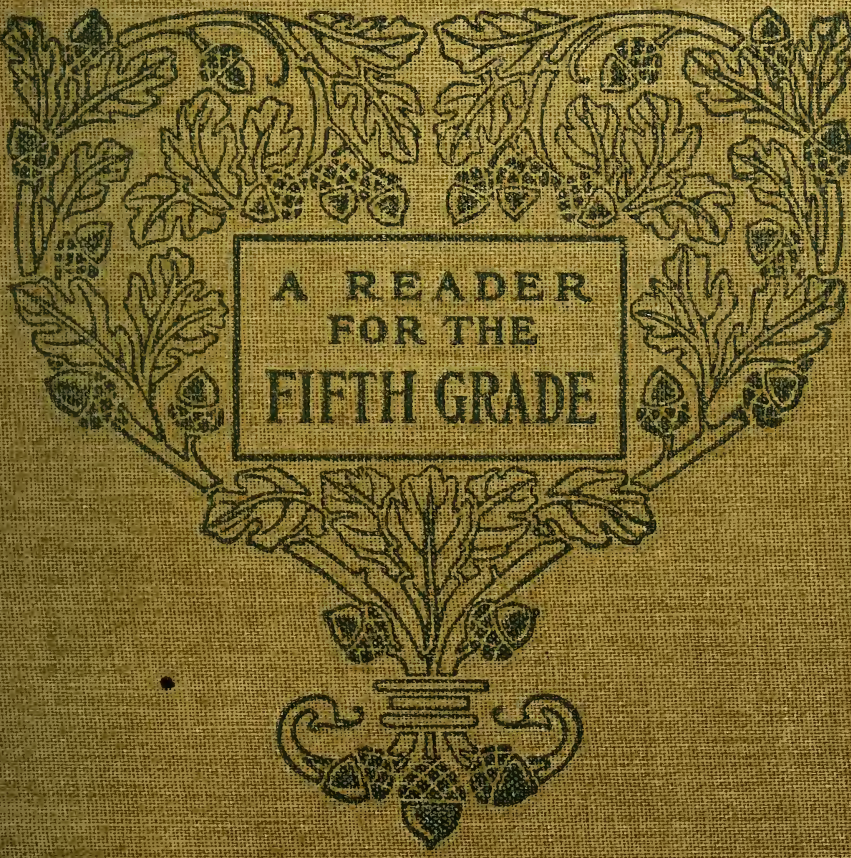

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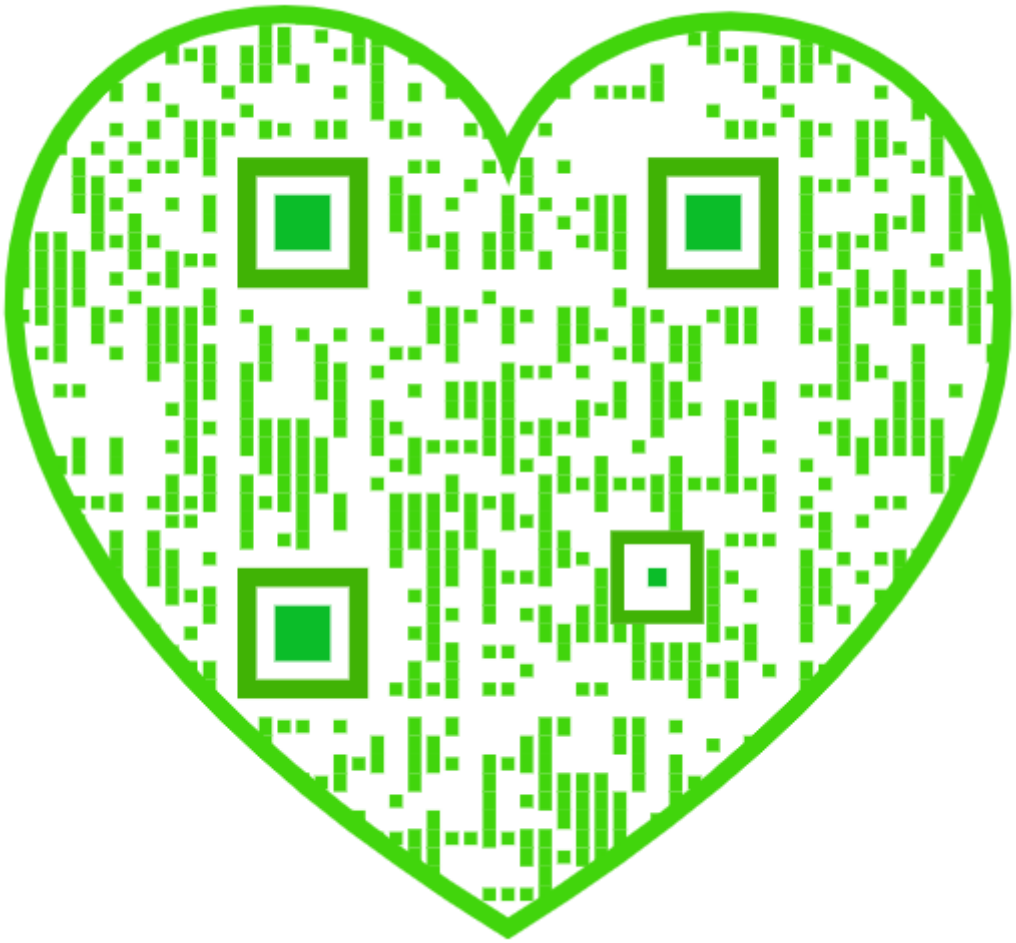

MARYLAND STATE

1911

A READER
FOR THE
FIFTH GRADE

BY

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PREFACE

School readers in the fourth and fifth years of school usually emphasize the enlargement of vision and interests of those periods of development. But while the currents of child-life constantly grow broader and deeper at this time, pupils are still children, and crave games, tales, adventure, and the world of nature.

The Fifth Reader of this series recognizes the permanence of these instincts by including the finest of the great myths. Biography, travel, manners and customs, and civics are introduced as important influences. Finally, the strictly imaginative, in abundance, gives glimpses of the great world of fiction.

The list of authors contains the names of classic writers long familiar in standard literature, and the names of many others who have, in more recent years, won the hearts of the great reading public —both children and grown people—by their charming descriptions of nature and of the life of the present day.

It has been the special object of the authors in both the Fourth and Fifth Readers to present selections of a high literary standard and at the same time of real human interest. While duly recognizing limitations they confidently make their appeal to teachers, and they believe that these volumes will prove to be interesting to children.

Children of this grade who have been well trained should read with ease most subject matter within the range of their experience. Therefore, while careful attention has been given to the mechanical features—such as the listing of difficult words—emphasized in former volumes, the authors have chosen, freely, selections containing increasingly

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difficult discourse, and they hope that the volume will be found to combine in proper measure, increasing maturity in the form of expression with real interest and charm of subject matter.

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THE AUTHORS

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A READER FOR THE FIFTH GRADE

BILLY TOPSAIL'S DOG

Part I

Skipper was a Newfoundland dog, who had been brought up in Ruddy Cove. He had black hair, short, straight, and wiry—the curly-haired breed has failed on the Island—and broad shoulders. He was heavy, awkward, and ugly, resembling somewhat a great draft-horse. But he pulled with a will, and within the knowledge of man had never stolen a fish; so he had a high place in the hearts of all the people of the Cove.

"Skipper! Skipper! Here, boy!"

The ringing call, in the voice of Billy Topsail, never failed to bring the dog from the kitchen with an eager rush, when the snow lay deep on the rocks, and all the paths of the wilderness were ready for the sled. He stood stock-still for the harness, and at the first "Hi, boy! Gee up there!" he bounded away with a wagging tail and a glad bark. It was as if nothing pleased him so much on a frosty morning as the prospect of a hard day's work.

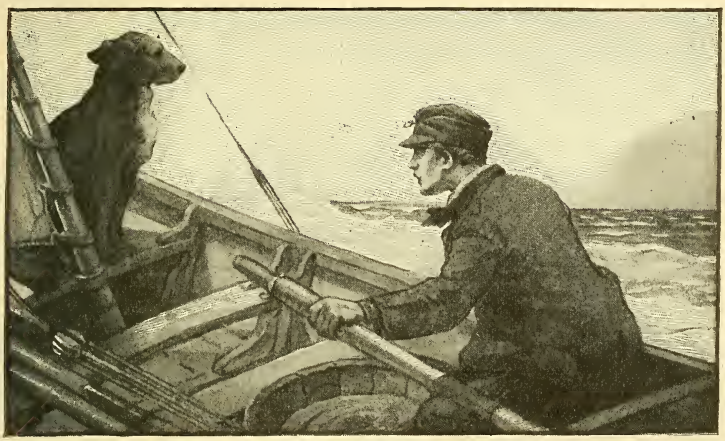
If the call came in summer-time when Skipper was dozing in the cool shadow of a flake—a platform of boughs for drying fish—he scrambled to his feet, took his clog in his mouth and ran, all a-quiver for what might come, to where young Billy waited. If the clog were taken off, as it was almost sure to be, it meant sport in the water. Then Skipper would paw the ground and whine until the stick was flung out for him. But best of all he loved to dive for stones.

At the peep of many a day, too, he went out in the punt to the fishing-grounds with Billy Topsail, and there kept the lad good company all the day long. It was because he sat up in the bow, as if keeping a look-out ahead, that he was called Skipper.

"Sure, 'tis a clever dog, that!" was Billy's boast. "He would save life—that dog would!"

This was proved beyond doubt when little Isaiah Tommy Goodman toddled over the wharf-head, where he had been playing. Isaiah Tommy was four years old, and would surely have been drowned had not Skipper strolled down the wharf just at that moment.

Skipper was obedient to the instinct of all Newfoundland dogs to drag the sons of men from the water. He plunged in and caught Isaiah Tommy by the collar of his pinafore. Still following his instinct, he kept the child's head above water with powerful strokes of his fore paws while he towed him to shore. Then the



outcry which Isaiah Tommy immediately set up brought his mother to complete the rescue.

For this deed Skipper was petted for a day and a half, and fed with fried fish and salt pork, to his evident pleasure. No doubt he was persuaded that he had acted worthily. However that be, he continued in merry moods, in affectionate behavior, in honesty —although the fish were even then drying on the flakes, all exposed—and he carried his clog like a real hero.

One day in the spring of the year, when high winds spring suddenly from the land, Billy Topsail was fishing from his punt, the *Never Give Up,* over the shallows of Molly's Head. It was "fish weather," as the Ruddy Cove men say—gray, cold, and misty. The harbor entrance lay two miles to the southwest. The

bluffs which marked it could hardly be seen, for the mist hung thick off the shore. Four punts and a skiff were bobbing half a mile farther out to sea, their crews fishing with hook and line over the sides of the boats. Thicker weather threatened and the day was nearly over.

"'Tis time to be off home, boy," said Billy to the dog. "'Tis getting thick in the sou'west."

Skipper stretched himself and wagged his tail. He had no word to say, but Billy, who, like all fishermen in far-off places, had formed the habit of talking to himself, supplied the answer.

"'Tis that, Billy, boy," said he. "The punt's as much as one hand can manage in a fair wind. And 'tis a dead beat to the harbor now."

Then Billy said a word for himself. "We'll put in for ballast. The punt's too light for a gale."

He sculled the punt to the little cove by the Head, and there loaded her with rocks. Her sails, mainsail and tiny jib, were spread, and she was pointed for Grassy Island, on the first leg of her beat into the wind. By this time two other punts were under way, and the sails of the skiff were fluttering as her crew prepared to beat home for the night. The *Never Give Up* was ahead of the fleet, and held her lead in such fine fashion as to make Billy Topsail's heart swell with pride.

The wind had gained in force. It was sweeping

down from the hills in gusts. Now it fell to a breeze, and again it came swiftly with angry strength. Nor could its advance be perceived, for the sea was choppy and the bluffs shielded the inshore waters.

"We'll fetch the harbor on the next tack," Billy muttered to Skipper, who was whining in the bow.

He put the steering oar hard over to bring the punt about. A gust caught the sails. The boat heeled before it, and her gunwale was under water before Billy could make a move to save her. The wind forced her down, pressing heavily upon the canvas.

"Easy!" screamed Billy.

But the ballast of the *Never Give Up* shifted, and she toppled over. Boy and dog were thrown into the sea, the one aft, the other forward. Billy dived deep to escape entanglement with the rigging of the boat. He had long ago learned the lesson that presence of mind wins half the fight in perilous emergencies. The coward miserably perishes where the brave man survives.

With his courage leaping to meet his danger, he struck out and rose to the surface. He looked about for the punt. She had been heavily weighted with ballast, and he feared for her. What was he to do if she had been too heavily weighted? Even as he looked she sank. She had righted under water; the tip of the mast was the last he saw of her.

The sea—cold, fretful, vast—lay all about him.

The coast was half a mile away; the punts, out at sea, were laboriously beating toward him, and could make no greater speed. He had to choose between the punts and the rocks.

clog: in Newfoundland the law requires that all dogs shall be clogged as a precaution against their killing sheep and goats which run wild. The clog is in the form of a billet of wood, weighing at least seven and a half pounds, and tied to the dog's neck.—**punt**: a flat-bottomed boat with square ends.—**sou'west**: southwest.—**a dead beat to the harbor**: Billy meant that the wind was blowing directly out of the harbor, and in order to sail home he would have to "beat" in by taking a zigzag course. This is called *tacking*.—**ballast**: any heavy substance put in the bottom of a boat to keep it steady.—**gun'wale**: the upper edge of a boat's side.—**emer'gencies**: sudden occurrences which call for quick action.

BILLY TOPSAIL'S DOG

Part II

A whine with a strange note in it attracted Billy's attention. The big dog had caught sight of him, and was beating the water in a frantic effort to approach quickly. But the dog had never whined like that before.

"Hi, Skipper!" Billy called. "Steady, boy! Steady!"

Billy took off his boots as fast as he could. The dog was coming nearer, still whining strangely, and madly pawing the water. Billy was mystified. What possessed the dog? It was as if he had been seized with a fit of terror. Was he afraid of drowning? His

eyes were fairly flaring. Such a light had never been in them before.

The boy lifted himself high in the water and looked intently into the dog's eyes. It was terror he saw in them; there could be no doubt about that, he thought. The dog was afraid for his life. At once Billy was filled with dread. He could not crush the feeling down. Afraid of Skipper, the old, affectionate Skipper, his own dog, which he had reared from a puppy! It was absurd.

But he *was* afraid, nevertheless, and he was desperately afraid.

"Back, boy!" he cried. "Get back, sir!"

It chanced that Billy Topsail was a strong swimmer. He had learned to swim where the water is cold, as cold, often, as the icebergs stranded in the harbor can make it. The water was bitter cold now; but he did not fear it; nor did he doubt that he could accomplish the long swim which lay before him. It was the strange behavior of the dog which disturbed him—his failure in obedience, which could not be explained. The dog was now within three yards, and excited past all reason.

"Back, sir!" Billy screamed. "Get back with you!"

Skipper was not held back by the command. He did not so much as hesitate. Billy raised his hand as if to strike him, a threatening gesture which had sent

Skipper home with his tail between his legs many a time. But it had no effect now.

"Get back!" Billy screamed again.

It was plain that the dog was not to be bidden. Billy threw himself on his back, supported himself with his hands and kicked at the dog with his feet.

Skipper was blinded by the splashing. He whined and held back. Then blindly he came on again. Billy moved slowly from him, head foremost, still churning the water with his feet. But, swimming thus, he was no match for the dog. With his head thrown back to escape the blows, Skipper forged after him. He was struck in the jaws, in the throat, and again in the jaws. But he pawed on, taking every blow without complaint, and gaining inch by inch. Soon he was so close that the lad could not move his feet freely.

No longer opposed, the dog crept up, paw over paw, forcing the boy's body lower and lower. His object was clear to Billy. Skipper, mad with terror, the boy thought, would try to save himself by climbing on his shoulders.

"Skipper!" he cried. "You'll drown me! Get back!"

The uselessness of attempting to command obedience from a crazy dog struck Billy Topsail with force. He must act otherwise, and that quickly, if he were to escape. There seemed to be but one thing to do. He took a long breath and let himself sink—down

—down—as deep as he dared. Down—down—until he retained breath sufficient but to strike to the right and rise again.

The dog, as it was made known later, rose as high as he could force himself, and looked about in every direction, with his mouth open and his ears erect. He gave two sharp barks, like sobs, and a long, mournful whine. Then, as if acting upon a sudden thought, he dived.

For a moment nothing was to be seen of either boy or dog. There was nothing but a choppy sea in that place. Men who were watching thought that both had followed the *Never Give Up* to the bottom.

In the momentary stay under water Billy perceived that his situation was desperate. He would rise, he was sure, but only to renew the struggle. How long he could keep the dog off he could not tell. Until the punts came down to his aid? He thought not.

He came to the surface prepared to dive again. But Skipper had disappeared. An exclamation of thanksgiving was still on the boy's lips when the dog's black head rose and moved swiftly toward him.

Billy had a start of about ten yards. He turned on his side and set off at top speed. There was no better swimmer among the lads of the harbor. Was he a match for a powerful Newfoundland dog? It was soon evident that he was not.

Skipper gained rapidly. Billy felt a paw strike

his foot. He put more strength into his strokes. Next the paw struck the calf of his leg. The dog was upon him now, pawing his back. Billy could not sustain the weight. To escape, that he might take up the fight in another way, he dived again.

The dog was waiting when Billy came up, waiting eagerly to continue the chase.

"Skipper, old fellow, good old dog!" Billy called in a soothing voice. "Steady, sir! Down, sir; back!"

The dog was not to be deceived. He came, by turns whining and gasping. He was more excited, more determined, than ever. Billy waited for him. The fight was to be face to face. The boy had determined to keep him off with his hands until strength failed, to drown him if he could. All love for the dog had gone out of his heart. The weeks of close and merry companionship, of romps and rambles and sport, were forgotten. Billy was fighting for life. So he waited without pity, hoping only that his strength might last until he had conquered.

When the dog was within reach Billy struck him in the face. A snarl and an angry snap were the result.

Rage seemed suddenly to possess the dog. He held back for a moment, growling fiercely, and then attacked with a rush. Billy fought as best he could, trying to clutch his enemy by the neck and to force his head beneath the waves. The effort was vain; the dog eluded his grasp and renewed the attack. In another

moment he had laid his heavy paw on the b shoulders.

The weight was too much for Billy. Down went, freed himself, and struggled to the surf

gasping for breath. It appeared to him now that had but a moment to live. He felt his self-possess going from him, and at that moment his ears cau the sound of a voice.

"Put your arm——"

The voice seemed to come from far away. Bef the sentence was completed, the dog's paws were ag on Billy's shoulders and the water stopped the b hearing. What were they calling to him? The thou that some helping hand was near encouraged h With this new thought to aid, he dived for the th

time. The voice was nearer and clearer when he came up, and he heard every word.

"Put your arm around his neck!" one man cried.

"Catch him by the back of the neck!" cried another.

Billy's self-possession returned. He would follow this direction. Skipper swam anxiously to him. It may be that he wondered what this new attitude meant. It may be that he hoped reason had returned to the boy, that at last he would allow himself to be saved. Billy caught the dog by the back of the neck when he was within arm's length. Skipper wagged his tail and turned about.

There was a brief pause, during which the faithful old dog determined upon the direction he would take. He saw the punts, which had borne down with all speed. Toward them he swam, and there was something of pride in his mighty strokes, something of exultation in his whine. Billy struck out with his free hand, and soon boy and dog were pulled over the side of the nearest punt.

Through it all, as Billy now knew, the dog had only wanted to save him.

—Norman Duncan.

forged: moved ahead.—**sustain'**: bear, or hold up.—**elud'ed**: escaped. —**exulta'tion**: joy at success or victory.

THE FIRE

This story is supposed to be told by a horse. You will find it in a book called "Black Beauty" that tells more adventures of the same horse.

Later on in the evening, a traveler's horse was brought in by the second ostler; and while he was cleaning him, a young man with a pipe in his mouth lounged into the stable to gossip.

"I say, Towler," said the ostler, "just run up the ladder into the loft and put some hay down into this horse's rack, will you? only lay down your pipe."

"All right," said the other, and went up through the trap door; and I heard him step across the floor overhead and put down the hay. James came in to look at us the last thing, and then the door was locked.

I cannot say how long I had slept, nor what time in the night it was, when I woke up feeling very uncomfortable, though I hardly knew why. I got up; the air seemed all thick and choking. I heard Ginger coughing, and one of the other horses seemed very restless; it was quite dark, and I could see nothing, but the stable seemed full of smoke, and I hardly knew how to breathe.

The trap door had been left open, and I thought that was the place it came through. I listened, and heard a soft, rushing sort of noise, and a low crackling

and snapping. I did not know what it was, but there was something in the sound so strange that it made me tremble all over. The other horses were now all awake; some were pulling at their halters, others were stamping.

At last I heard steps outside, and the ostler who had put up the traveler's horse, burst into the stable with a lantern, and began to untie the horses, and try to lead them out; but he seemed in such a hurry and so frightened himself that he frightened me still more. The first horse would not go with him; he tried the second and third, and they too would not stir. He came to me next and tried to drag me out by force; of course that was no use. He tried us all by turns and then left the stable.

No doubt we were very foolish, but danger seemed to be all round, and there was nobody we knew to trust in, and all was strange and uncertain. The fresh air that had come in through the open door made it easier to breathe, but the rushing sound overhead grew louder; and as I looked upward, through the bars of my empty rack, I saw a red light flickering on the wall.

Then I heard a cry of "Fire!" outside, and the old ostler quietly and quickly came in: he got one horse out and went to another, but the flames were playing round the trap door, and the roaring overhead was dreadful. The next thing I heard was James' voice, quiet and cheery, as it always was.

"Come, my beauties, it is time for us to be off, so wake up and come along." I stood nearest the door, so he came to me first, patting me as he came in.

"Come, Beauty, on with your bridle, my boy, we'll soon be out of this smother." It was on in no time; then he took the scarf off his neck, and tied it lightly over my eyes, and patting and coaxing he led me out of the stable. Safe in the yard, he slipped the scarf off my eyes, and shouted, "Here, somebody! take this horse while I go back for the other."

A tall broad man stepped forward and took me, and James darted back into the stable. I set up a shrill whinny as I saw him go. Ginger told me afterwards, that whinny was the best thing I could have done for her; for had she not heard me outside, she would never have had the courage to come out.

There was much confusion in the yard; the horses being got out of other stables, and the carriages and gigs being pulled out of houses and sheds, lest the flames should spread further. On the other side the yard, windows were thrown up, and people were shouting all sorts of things; but I kept my eye fixed on the stable door, where the smoke poured out thicker than ever, and I could see flashes of red light; presently I heard above all the stir and din a loud clear voice, which I knew was my master's:

"James Howard! James Howard! Are you there?" There was no answer, but I heard a crash

of something falling in the stable, and the next moment I gave a loud, joyful neigh, for I saw James coming through the smoke leading Ginger with him; she was coughing very hard, and he was so choked that he was not able to speak.

"My brave lad!" said master, laying his hand on his shoulder, "are you hurt?" James shook his head, for he could not speak yet. "Aye," said the big man who held me; "he is a brave lad, and no mistake."

"And now," said master, "when you have got your breath, James, we'll get out of this place as quickly as we can," and we were moving toward the entry, when from the Market Place there came a sound of galloping feet and loud rumbling wheels.

"'Tis the fire engine! the fire engine!" shouted two or three voices, "stand back, make way!" and clattering and thundering over the stones two horses dashed into the yard with the heavy engine behind them. The firemen leaped to the ground; there was no need to ask where the fire was—it was rolling up in a great blaze from the roof.

We got out as fast as we could into the broad quiet Market Place; the stars were shining, and except the noise behind us, all was still. Master led the way to a large hotel on the other side, and as soon as the ostler came, he said, "James, I must now hasten to your mistress; I trust the horses entirely to you, order whatever you think is needed," and with that he was

gone. The master did not run, but I never saw a mortal walk as fast as he did that night.

There was a dreadful sound before we got to our stable; the shrieks of those poor horses that were left burning to death in the stable. It was very terrible and made both Ginger and me feel very bad. We, however, were taken in and well cared for. The next morning the master came in to see how we were and to speak to James. I did not hear much, for the ostler was rubbing me down; but I could see that James looked very happy, and I thought the master was proud of him.

Our mistress had been so alarmed in the night, that the journey was put off till afternoon; so James had the morning on hand, and went first to the inn to see about our harness and the carriage, and then to hear more about the fire. When he came back, we heard him tell the ostler about it.

At first no one could guess how the fire had been caused; but at last a man said he saw Dick Towler go into the stable with a pipe in his mouth, and when he came out he had not one, and asked for another. Then the under ostler said he had asked Dick to go up the ladder to put down some hay, but told him to lay down his pipe first. Dick denied taking the pipe with him, but no one believed him. I remember our John Manly's rule, never to allow a pipe in the stable, and thought it ought to be the rule everywhere.

James said the roof and floor had all fallen in, and that only the black walls were standing; the two poor horses that could not be got out were buried under the burnt rafters and tiles.

—Anna Sewell.

ostler (ŏs′ lẽr): the person who has the care of horses at an inn. The word is usually spelled *hostler*.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night—
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
"I envy nobody—no, not I—
And nobody envies me!"

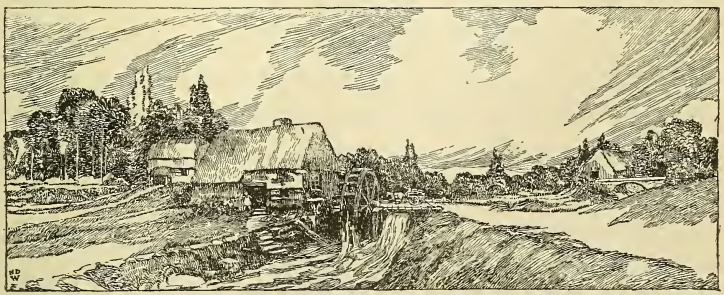
"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said good King Hal,
"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm a king,
Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap,
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
That feeds my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell, and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee;
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast
O miller of the Dee!"

—Charles Mackay.

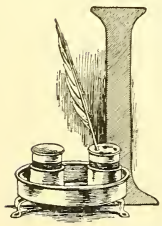
doffed: took off.—**quoth**: said.—**worth my kingdom's fee**: worth my kingdom.



EARLY ADVENTURES IN THE COLONIES

A LETTER WRITTEN AT PLYMOUTH BY JOHN BILLINGTON TO HIS GRANDMOTHER IN ENGLAND

PLYMOUTH, March 24, 1621.



I promised to write you a letter, and now I am doing it. We did not go to Virginia, for the wind was wrong and we came to Cape Cod. Mr. William Bradford went out to see what kind of place it was. Some other men went with him. They came to a trap that the Indians had set for deer. He walked into it, and the tree sprang up and caught him by the leg. Nobody said he ought not to have walked into it, and nobody blamed him. They would have blamed me.

I don't think anybody here cares much about me. They call me the Billington boy. When we were in the Mayflower and the men were looking for a place to settle, I fired off my father's gun one day in the cabin. Everybody was talking about the dreadful things the Indians had done in Virginia, and I wanted to know how to shoot. Don't you think I ought to? I didn't remember that the barrel of powder was so near, and I didn't think the gun would make such a noise or scare the people so.

I was a little scared, too, but it was funny to see how they all jumped. Honestly, grandma, I did not

really mean to do it. I only meant to pull the trigger just the least bit, only enough to see how it would go—and it went. The babies screamed and the women all ran out of the cabin. The men scolded me and said I was foolish and wicked.

But, grandma, it is only the other day that a man fired at a whale, and his musket burst and went to pieces; and all they said was that they thanked God that no one was hurt. The whale was not hurt either. It just snorted and swam away. Father said it didn't like New England laws and wouldn't stay to be ruled by the Compact.

The Compact is a paper that the men had to sign before they landed. It said that they were going to make some laws and everybody had to promise to obey them. I heard a man say to father that King James' laws were for Virginia, and now that we were not going to be in Virginia at all, we could do what we liked. That's why they made a Compact. Father signed it, but I don't believe he wanted to very much.

After the Compact was done, some men went ashore. They brought back their boat full of juniper, and when we burned it, it smelled good. The women went ashore to do some washing. I am strong and I would have brought them water, but they would not let me go. The carpenters were working on the shallop, and Captain Standish went ashore to see what

he could find. I like Captain Standish. He doesn't call me the Billington boy, and he let me see his sword. He used it when he fought the Turks. It has some queer marks on it that he says are Arabic.

Some more men went with Captain Standish. Every one had a corselet and musket and sword. I wanted to go with them dreadfully, but I didn't dare to ask, and they wouldn't have let me if I had. I watched every one that got into the boat, and I kept wishing some one would say, "Here's just room for a boy if he isn't too big." Captain Standish did not say that, but he did tell me something else. He was the last one to get in, and he turned to me and said real low, "John, when we come back, I'll tell you all about it. If you were a few years older, I'd like to take you with me."

Wasn't that just splendid! He did it, too; I mean, he told me about it. He said that after they had walked about a mile they saw some Indians and a dog away off, but they ran away. Dogs always like me, and if I had been there maybe I could have called it and we could have made friends with them. They saw a deer, too, and ever so much sassafras. Master Jones, the Captain of the Mayflower, says I may send you a big bundle of it when the ship goes back. They found nuts and strawberry vines.

In one place there was a great kettle that must have come from some ship. Near it was a heap of

moist sand. The Indians had patted and smoothed it so you could see the very marks of their fingers. They dug into the mound and there was a great basketful of corn. They filled the kettle with it and their pockets, too, and then they started for the ship. They call the place Corn Hill. That was where Mr. Bradford got caught by the leg.

They mean to give back the kettle and pay for the corn when they see some Indians. Maybe the Indians won't mind, but people don't like it when I take their things without asking. Really, they didn't do a thing but walk and look, and I could have done that as well as any of them.

When the shallop was finished Master Jones and thirty or forty other men went away in it to explore. They went to Corn Hill again, and this time they took corn and beans and wheat. I heard one of them say it was God's good providence that they found them; but they never say that when I borrow things without asking. They say so much that it is a real shame I could not have gone. They did not find any Indians, but they went into some of their houses; and there they saw deers' heads and horns and eagles' claws and all sorts of baskets and queer wooden and earthen dishes.

Another time they went out in the shallop to try to find a place to settle, and this time they were gone almost two weeks. Don't I wish I could have been

with them! Captain Standish told me and Francis about it, and the other boys listened. The pilot wanted to go across the big bay to a place that he saw when he was here once before, but the others thought it was too far. He called it Thievish Harbor because one of the Indians stole a harpoon from them while they were there. I asked the Captain if the sailor knew that the Indian did not mean to give it back or pay for it. He looked funny, as if he wanted to laugh and wouldn't, but all he said was, "Maybe."

They had a splendid time on this journey. They saw Indians sometimes, but they ran away. They saw a grampus lying dead on the shore. That is a great fish eighteen or twenty feet long. Every night they built a kind of barricade, as they called it, to keep the wind off. They drove stakes into the ground on three sides, and then they twisted in pine boughs. One night they heard an awful yell, and the sentinel called, "Arm! Arm!" They fired two muskets, and then it was still again, and so they went to sleep.

The next day some Indians shot at them and they shot back. They call this the Place of the First Encounter. They picked up a bundle of the arrows, and Master Jones is going to carry them to England. Some have heads of brass, some of deers' horns, and some of eagles' claws. Once they were almost shipwrecked. I never was shipwrecked, and maybe I never shall have a chance to be.

It snowed and it rained. The wind blew furiously and there were monstrous waves. The rudder broke, and the mast broke, and the sail fell overboard. It was dark as pitch, but they rowed away from where they heard the breakers and got in the shelter of some land and went ashore. In the night everything froze, but in the morning they found they were on a little island. They dried their clothes and they stayed there over Sunday.

That's all I am going to write now, for Francis wants me to go on a hill a little way off with him. He climbed a tree there and he says he saw a great sea not very far away.

From Johnnie.

—Eva March Tappan.

jū'nĭpĕr: an evergreen shrub.—**shal'lop**: a boat. The word is used to indicate boats of many kinds.—**corselet**: armor for the body.—**sas'safras**: a woodland shrub or small tree having a spicy odor and taste.—**prŏv'idence**: foresight, care.—**harpoon'**: a spear used to strike and kill large fish.

THE PETERKINS' SUMMER JOURNEY

The Peterkins were planning to take a summer journey. In fact, it was their last summer's journey, for it had been planned then; but there had been so many difficulties that it had been delayed.

The first trouble had been about trunks. The family did not own a trunk suitable for traveling.

Agamemnon had his valise, that he had used when he stayed a week at a time at the academy; and a trunk had been bought for Elizabeth Eliza when she went to the seminary. Solomon John and Mr. Peterkin, each had his patent-leather handbag. But all these were too small for the family. And the little boys wanted to carry their kite.

Mrs. Peterkin suggested her grandmother's trunk. This was a hair trunk, very large and roomy. It would hold everything they would want to carry except what would go in Elizabeth Eliza's trunk, or the bags.

Everybody was delighted at this idea. It was agreed that the next day the things should be brought into Mrs. Peterkin's room for her to see if they could all be packed.

"If we can get along," said Elizabeth Eliza, "without having to ask advice, I shall be glad!"

"Yes," said Mr. Peterkin, "it is time now for people to be coming to ask advice of us."

The next morning Mrs. Peterkin began by taking

out the things that were already in the trunk. Here were last year's winter things, and not only these, but old clothes that had been put away, Mrs. Peterkin's wedding dress and the skirts the little boys used to wear before they put on jackets and trousers.

All day Mrs. Peterkin worked over the trunk, putting away the old things, putting in the new. She packed up all the clothes she could think of, both summer and winter ones, because you never can tell what sort of weather you will have.

Agamemnon fetched his books, and Solomon John his spyglass. There were her own and Elizabeth Eliza's best bonnets in a bandbox; also Solomon John's hats, for he had an old one and a new one. He bought a new hat for fishing, with a very wide brim and deep crown, all of heavy straw.

Agamemnon brought down a large, heavy dictionary, and an atlas still larger. This contained maps of all the countries in the world.

"I have never had a chance to look at them," he said; "but when one travels then is the time to study geography."

Mr. Peterkin wanted to take his turning lathe. So Mrs. Peterkin packed his tool chest. It gave her some trouble, for it came to her just as she had packed her summer dresses. At first she thought it would help to smooth the dresses, and placed it on top; but she was forced to take all out, and set it at the bottom. This

was not so much matter, as she had not yet the right dresses to put in. Both Mrs. Peterkin and Elizabeth Eliza would need new dresses for the journey. The little boys' hoops went in; so did their India rubber

boots, in case it should not rain when they started. They each had a hoe and a shovel, and some baskets that were packed.

Mrs. Peterkin called in all the family on the evening of the second day to see how she had succeeded. Everything was packed, even the little boys' kite lay smoothly on the top.

"I like to see a thing so nicely done," said Mr. Peterkin.

The next thing was to cord up the trunk, and Mr. Peterkin tried to move it. But neither he, nor Agamemnon nor Solomon John could lift it alone, or all together.

Here was a serious difficulty. Solomon John tried to make light of it.

"Expressmen could lift it. Expressmen are used to such things."

"But we did not plan expressing it," said Mrs. Peterkin, in a discouraged tone.

"We can take a carriage," said Solomon John.

"I am afraid the trunk would not go on the back of a carriage," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"The hackman could not lift it either," said Mr. Peterkin.

"People do travel with a great deal of baggage," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"But how to get it there?" Mr. Peterkin asked.

"This is our first obstacle," said Agamemnon; "we must do our best to conquer it."

"What is an obstacle?" asked the little boys.

"It is the trunk," said Solomon John.

"Suppose we look up the word in the dictionary," said Agamemnon, taking the large volume from the trunk. "Ah, here it is." And he read:

"*Obstacle,* an impediment."

That is a worse word than the other," said one of the little boys.

"But listen to this," and Agamemnon continued: "Impediment is something that entangles the feet; obstacle, something that stands in the way; obstruction, something that blocks up the passage; hinderance, something that holds back."

"The trunk is all these," said Mr. Peterkin, gloomily.

"It does not entangle the feet," said Solomon John, "for it cannot move."

"I wish it could," said the little boys together.

Mrs. Peterkin spent a day or two taking the things out of the trunk and putting them away.

"At least," she said, "this has given me some experience in packing."

And the little boys felt as if they had been on quite a journey.

But the family did not like to give up their plan. It was suggested that they might take the things out of the trunk and pack it at the station; the little boys could go and come with the things. But Elizabeth Eliza thought the place would be too public.

Gradually the old contents of the great trunk went back into it again.

At length a friend unexpectedly offered to lend Mr. Peterkin a good-sized family trunk. But it was late in the season, and so the journey was put off for that summer.

But now the trunk had been sent round to the house,

and a family consultation was held about packing it. Many things would have to be left at home, it was so much smaller than the grandmother's hair trunk. But Agamemnon had been studying the atlas during the winter, and felt familiar with the more important places, so it would not be necessary to take it. And Mr. Peterkin decided to leave his turning lathe at home, and his tool chest.

Again Mrs. Peterkin spent two days in packing the things. With great care and thoughtfulness, and by borrowing two more leather bags, it could be done. Everything of importance could be packed except the little boys' kite. What should they do about that?

The little boys proposed carrying it in their hands, but Solomon John and Elizabeth Eliza would not consent to that.

"I do think it is one of those cases where we might ask the advice of the lady from Philadelphia," said Mrs. Peterkin, at last.

"She has come on here," said Agamemnon, "and we have not been to see her this summer."

"She may think we have been neglecting her," suggested Mrs. Peterkin.

The little boys begged to be allowed to go and ask her opinion about the kite. They came back in high spirits.

"She says we might leave this one at home, and make a new kite when we get there," they cried.

"What a sensible idea!" exclaimed Mr. Peterkin; "and I may have the time to help you."

"We'll take plenty of newspapers," said Solomon John.

"And twine," said the little boys. And this matter was settled.

Then the question was, "Where should they go?"

—Lucretia P. Hale.

Agamemnon: ăg-ȧ-mĕm′nŏn.—**acăd′emy, sem′inary**: schools of high grade.—**turning lathe** (lāth): a machine for shaping articles of wood.—**consulta′tion**: a meeting to decide something.

A PARABLE AGAINST PERSECUTION

And it came to pass, after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent about the going-down of the sun.

And, behold, a man bowed with age came from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, "Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night; and thou shalt arise early on the morrow, and go on thy way."

But the man said, "Nay, for I will abide under this tree."

And Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned and they went into the tent. And Abraham baked unleavened bread; and they did eat.

And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God he said unto him, "Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of Heaven and Earth?"

And the man answered and said, "I do not worship the God thou speakest of, neither do I call upon His name, for I have made to myself a god which abideth always in my house and provideth me with all things."

And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man; and he arose, and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

And at midnight God called unto Abraham, saying, "Abraham, where is the stranger?"

And Abraham answered and said, "Lord, he would not worship Thee; neither would he call upon Thy name; therefore have I driven him out before my face into the wilderness."

And God said, "Have I borne with him these hundred ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me, and couldst not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"

—Benjamin Franklin.

tarry: stay.—**unleavened bread**: bread that is baked without being lightened by yeast.

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC

Robins in the tree-top,
  Blossoms in the grass;
Green things a-growing
  Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes;
  Showers of silver dew;
Black bough and bent twig
  Budding out anew;
Pine tree and willow tree,
  Fringed elm, and larch,—
Don't you think that May-time's
  Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard,
  Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
  Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses faint with sweetness;
  Lilies fair of face;
Drowsy scents and murmurs
  Haunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine;
  Moonlight bright as day,—
Don't you think that Summer's
  Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn-patch,
  Whistling negro songs;
Pussy by the hearth-side
  Romping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes
  Bursting through the rind;
Red leaf and gold leaf
  Rustling down the wind;
Mother "doin' peaches"
  All the afternoon,—
Don't you think that Autumn's
  Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snowflakes
  Dancing in the flue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
  What is keeping you?
Twilight and firelight;
  Shadows come and go;
Merry chime of sleigh-bells
  Tinkling through the snow;
Mother knitting stockings,
  (Pussy's got the ball!)—
Don't you think that Winter's
  Pleasanter than all?

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

larch: a tree that bears cones and has needles for leaves, but is not evergreen.

CINDERELLA'S ANCESTOR

Part I

Many, many years ago there lived in ancient Pi-bast, the "City of the Sacred Cats," a man whose name was Seb-u.

Now Pi-bast was a very curious city. Its ruins may still be seen in that part of Northern Egypt known as the Delta of the Nile, about fifty miles northeast of the still more wonderful ruins of Memphis.

In the center of the city rose the heavy wall of the great temple to Pasht, the cat-faced goddess in whose honor the city was built. All around this central temple the columns of the great halls ran in circle beyond circle; while, beyond the sacred groves and gardens of the temple, stretched the great city in every direction.

This old, old town in the Nile Delta was about the jolliest spot in all Egypt; for Pasht was the goddess of light and fire, of song and music, of pleasure and social delights. She had the body of a woman and the head of a cat. Throughout all Egypt cats were thought to be under her special protection, and in almost every Egyptian house could be found a little cat-headed image of this beloved goddess, made of clay or bronze.

Now the manufacture of these images of the cat-goddess was the business of Seb-u. He lived in one of

the mud houses not far from the entrance to the grove of the temple and near the great roadway, that ran from the temple of Pasht to the river Nile. His only daughter Nita, or as the neighbors called her, Nit-aker, "the perfect Nita," had been, almost since her babyhood, his companion and helper. But now Seb-u had married Nebt-hepet; and Nebt-hepet did not love Nita, but sought to turn Seb-u against his daughter, whom he had always loved so much.

Probably Nebt-hepet disliked Nita because of the fair face and light hair which the girl had inherited from her own mother. So poor little Nita found her life a burden, a sad thing indeed for a gay-hearted maiden of thirteen.

One day, near the season of the great festival of Pasht, as the family of the image-maker were, according to an Egyptian custom, eating the evening meal just outside the open window of his shop, Seb-u said to his daughter:

"And whom, Nita, do you suppose the good priests of Pasht will select for the grove-girl at the feast?"

Now the grove-girl was usually the most beautiful or the most wealthy of all the maidens of Pi-bast. She was selected to sit upon a decorated throne in the midst of the sacred groves of Pasht and receive the homage of the gay revelers as the representative of the goddess of light and beauty. To be selected for such a post was of course esteemed as a high honor by

all the girls of Pi-bast, and Nita's reply was therefore a very natural one.

"I know not, my father," she said. "Would that the good fortune could be mine."

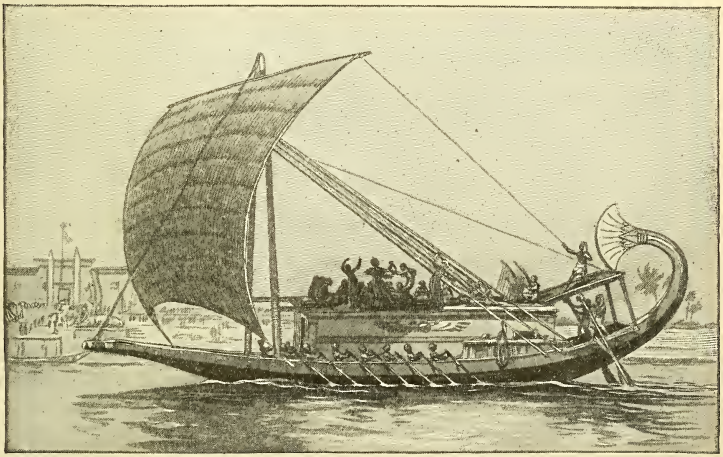
"Thine indeed!" exclaimed her stepmother scornfully. "Thine indeed! As if the good priests would select such a pink-faced doll as thou to sit enthroned in honor of the glorious black-haired goddess. It is more likely to be the daughter of the treasurer, a beautiful girl, with black eyes and hair like night, much more like to the great goddess than such as thou."

"But nevertheless," said Seb-u, quietly, "thou art likely to be wrong, for the priest did tell me this day, when he took from me the silver Pasht whose nose I had repaired, that the priests were decided to desire our Nita of us as the grove-girl at the feast."

And so, indeed, it proved. For even before little Nita had fully recovered from her joyful surprise, there came to the image-maker's shop two priests from the great temple and a throng of gay young worshipers requesting him to give to them his daughter Nita to sit on the grove-girl's throne in the sacred grove of Pasht.

The time of the festival arrived. The gay boats with crowds of musicians and singers and a curious freight of fruits and flowers and mummied cats floated down the river and through the broad canals to the landing-place before the temple. For days crowds

upon crowds of pilgrims, by thousands and tens of thousands, thronged the broad paved roadway. They jostled one another in the brilliant halls, bowed in wor-



ship before the great bronze image of the goddess, and danced and sang and feasted in the sacred groves of Pasht.

And in the midst of the great grove, upon her gayly decorated throne sat the royal grove-girl of the festival, Nita, the daughter of Seb-u, the image-maker. The fairest youths and maidens of the great city gathered around her as her attendants and chanted hymns to Pasht, while the throng of pilgrims, passing and repassing, praised the grove-girl's beauty and laid their offerings at her feet.

Nita was dressed in a long robe of crimson inter-

woven with patterns in gold; around her waist was a broad purple sash decorated with silver figures of the goddess Pasht; a wreath of lotus leaves encircled her fair head, while her pretty feet were encased in sandals of bronzed leather, decorated with silver cat-heads and trimmed with fur.

And it is because of these beautiful sandals that this story of "the perfect Nita" has come down, through all the centuries to us.

One day, almost the last in this season of festival, as Nita sat in the center of her throng of attendants, the "toe piece" of her sandal became loosened, and the shoe slipped to the ground. At once three of the attendants sprang to pick it up, and there was a friendly scramble for its possession. Then one of the three, the chief huntsman of the temple, wishing to show his skill at juggling and ball-tossing, flung the sandal high in air, intending to catch it as it fell.

But alas for his intentions! For, as the bronzed sandal went whirling through the air, a great black eagle circling aloft on the watch for prey, caught the gleam of the whirling slipper, and supposing it to be some choice and most appetizing bird, swooped down upon it and caught it in his strong talons. Then he sailed majestically off through the clear Egyptian air, bearing the dainty slipper far away from the sacred groves of Pasht.

But oh, what a wail went up from the grove-girl's

startled attendants as they saw the slipper disappearing from their sight. And oh, what a scolding poor Nita received from her angry stepmother when she came home that night with one dainty sandal of bronze leather, silver, and fur, and one old and soiled sandal of twisted papyrus and palm!

homage: honor, reverence.—**rev'elers**: merrymakers.—**mummied cats**: bodies of cats preserved after death, according to the Egyptian custom.—**lo'tus**: a kind of water lily.—**talons**: claws.—**papy'rus**: a tall, rushlike plant.

CINDERELLA'S ANCESTOR

Part II

In the royal palace at Memphis sat the young Pharaoh Nebi, the "divine lord," the "victorious and ever-living He," king of the two Egypts, "the splendid brother of the great god of the sun."

But for all his splendor and greatness the young King Nebi was not entirely happy. He was bored and tired, and longed for a change. The young Pharaoh Nebi, king in the mighty city of Memphis, longed for something—he knew not what.

Memphis was a great city. Its walls were seventeen miles around stretching from the splendid harbor on the Nile to the border of the western desert. It was a day's journey from wall to wall. There were temples and gardens and palaces beautiful to see, monuments of marble and alabaster, granite walls and

citadels, and a population of over half a million souls.

And here in the open courtyard of his royal palace, overlooking the mighty city from "the white wall" to the distant pyramids, sat the young Pharaoh Nebi, "the brother of the sun." And as he sat thus, heedless of the words of his councilors and the reports of his household officers, suddenly there dropped into his lap, even into the folds of his kingly robe, something small and hard.

With an exclamation of surprise the young king started from his dreaming, and looking up into the clear sky, he saw sailing majestically toward the desert a great African eagle.

Then all the high officers of state looked troubled and surprised. The high-steward of the household bade the chief master of the singers to direct the bailiff of the wardrobe to ask the overseer of the bath to request the steward of the royal hair and nails to commission the teacher of mysteries to remove this heaven-sent omen from the royal robe and announce its meaning.

But even before this roundabout order had gone half through its necessary amount of repetition, the young Pharaoh had himself thrust his own royal hand into the folds of the royal robe and drawn out—a little sandal of bronzed leather, stamped in silver and trimmed with fur.

"Now by the wig of Tum," cried the young monarch, looking at this strange gift of the eagle in delighted surprise, "but this is wondrous fair. To whom, think ye, my honored ones, doth this sandal belong, and what doth it foretell to the realm?"

Then all the officers around the throne tried to appear wise, but only looked puzzled.

At length the teacher of mysteries said:

"'Tis an omen from the evil gods, O king, I fear. For the eagle is sacred to none of the gods of Egypt, and a messenger, not sacred, could bring naught but an evil omen to the brother of the sun. Touch it not, O king; it is unlucky."

"Not so," said the king, decidedly; "this can be no evil omen. It hath been worn and by a most fair and dainty foot. No maiden of Memphis hath foot fitted for such a shoe, and she who can wear so small and fair a creation must be wondrous fair herself.

"You have wished me, my honored ones, to take unto myself a queen. Hear, then, my words. Only she who hath the mate of this dainty sandal, and can wear them both, shall share my throne. Find me the owner of this little shoe, and you do find the wife of your Pharaoh."

At this there was general confusion and astonishment among the officers of state. Was King Nebi mad? From the teacher of mysteries to the steward of the royal finger-nails ran a shudder of dread. Suppose this fair unknown should be of no official family—suppose she were one of the "mob," as the common people were called. But none dared to protest openly. Young Nebi was resolved, and none among them was so rash as to interfere with the will of a Pharaoh.

"Test we the oracle, my honored ones," he said. "If it be that the sacred bull doth give his consent to my desire, then would I find and wed the owner of this sandal. I have spoken."

That very day, in solemn and splendid procession, the king and his attendants sought the abode of the sacred bull in the magnificent temple of Ptah.

With children leading the way, crowned with flowers and singing hymns, with guards bearing the royal signals, and nobles with the sacred oil, the king walked to the splendid temple. When the lamps and the incense upon the altar had been lighted, and an offering of gold had been laid thereon, the king himself, ap-

proaching the sacred stall, held out the mysterious sandal to a beautiful Egyptian bull, with mystic markings in black and white.

His sacred bullship first sniffed at the sandal; and then, opening his sacred lips, he licked the little shoe with his sacred tongue.

The oracle was favorable. And in the midst of a hymn of rejoicing the young King Nebi spread out his offering of much gold upon the altar of Ptah, and went away joyful and delighted; for he had set his heart upon a gracious answer.

And now throughout the kingdom, north and south, east and west, went the swift messengers of the Pharaoh seeking the maiden who possessed the mate to the sandal of bronze leather, stamped in silver and trimmed with fur.

Of course you can imagine the rest. It is a fairy story, but it is history none the less.

The messengers of the king came to the city of Pi-bast. They sought out the governor of the city, and the priests of the temple of Pasht. And the governor and the priests could tell them all they desired to know.

The story of the grove-girl, the eagle, and the lost sandal matched precisely the story of the king, the eagle, and the sandal dropped from the clouds. There could be no doubt about it; the bride of "his Holiness, the king," was to be found in sacred Pi-bast, and the

messenger of the Pharaoh hastened to the house of Seb-u, the image-maker.

Nita's trim little foot fitted the dainty sandal exactly. The mate to it was produced and worn; and in less than a month, with feasting and flowers and song, Nita, the daughter of Seb-u, the image-maker, became Nit-aker, queen of Egypt.

—Elbridge S. Brooks.

Pharaoh (fā'rō): the title by which the ancient rulers of Egypt were known.—**al'abaster**: a fine, soft, oriental stone, usually white or yellow, often made into vases or boxes for holding perfumes and ointments.—**bail'iff**: a person put in charge of something.—**o'men**: a happening supposed to foretell the character of some future event, a "sign."—**or'acle**: the answer of a god to an inquiry about some future event.

THE KHAN'S POSTS AND RUNNERS

The following account was written by a famous Venetian traveler, Marco Polo, who lived about the time of Columbus. He and his father and uncle were the first people from Europe to travel in China.

Now you must know that from this city of Cambaluc proceed many roads and highways, leading to a variety of provinces, one to one province, another to another; and each road receives the name of the province to which it leads; and it is a very sensible plan. And the messengers of the Emperor in traveling from Cambaluc, be the road whichsoever they will, find at every twenty-five miles of the journey, a station.

And at each of those stations used by the messengers there is a large and handsome building for them, in which they find all the rooms furnished with fine beds and all other necessary articles in rich silk, and where they are provided with everything they can want. If even a king were to arrive at one of these, he would find himself well lodged.

At some of these stations, moreover, there are posted some four hundred horses standing ready for the use of the messengers; at others there are two hundred, according to the requirements, and to what the Emperor has established in each case. At every twenty-five miles, as I said, or anyhow at every thirty miles, you find one of these stations, on all the principal highways.

Even when the messengers have to pass through a roadless tract where no house exists, still there the station-houses have been established just the same, excepting that the intervals are somewhat greater, and the day's journey is fixed at thirty-five to forty-five miles, instead of twenty-five to thirty. But they are provided with horses and all the other necessaries just like those we have described, so that the Emperor's messengers, come they from what region they may, find everything ready for them.

And, in sooth, this is a thing done on the greatest scale of magnificence that ever was seen. Never had emperor, king, or lord such wealth as this shows!

For it is a fact that on all these posts taken together there are more than three hundred thousand horses kept, specially for the use of the messengers. And the great buildings that I have mentioned are more than ten thousand in number, all richly furnished as I have told you. The thing is on a scale so costly and wonderful that it is hard to bring oneself to describe it.

But now I will tell you of another thing that I had forgotten, but which ought to be told while I am on this subject. You must know that by the Great Khan's orders there has been established between those post-houses at every interval of three miles a little fort with some forty houses round about it, in which live the people who act as the Emperor's foot-runners.

Every one of those runners wears a great wide belt, set all over with bells, so that as they run their bells are heard jingling a long way off. And, thus, on reaching the post the runner finds another man all ready to take his place, who instantly takes whatsoever he has in charge, and with it receives a slip of paper from the clerk who is always on hand for the purpose; and so the new man sets off and runs his three miles.

At the next station he finds his relief ready in like manner; and so the post proceeds, with a change at every three miles. And in this way the Emperor, who has an immense number of these runners, receives dispatches with news from places ten days' journey

off in one day and night; or, if need be, news from a hundred days' off in ten days and nights; and that is no small matter!

In fact, in the fruit season many a time fruit is gathered one morning in Cambaluc, and in the evening of the next day it reaches the Great Khan at Shang-tu, a distance of ten days' journey.

Moreover, there are also at those stations other men equipped similarly with girdles hung with bells, who are employed for expresses when there is call for great haste in sending dispatches to any governor of a province, or to give news when any baron has revolted, or in other such emergencies; and these men travel a good two hundred or three hundred miles in the day, and as much in the night.

I'll tell you how it stands. They take a horse from those at the station which are standing ready saddled, all fresh, and mount and go at full speed, as hard as they can ride, in fact. And when those at the next post hear the bells, they get ready another horse and a man equipped in the same way, and he takes the letter or whatever it be, and is off full speed to the third station, where again a fresh horse is found all ready, and so the dispatch speeds along from post to post, always at full gallop with regular change of horses.

And the speed at which they go is marvelous. By night, however, they cannot go as fast as by day, because they have to be accompanied by footmen

with torches, who could not keep up with them at full speed.

Those men are highly prized. And each of them carries with him a tablet, in sign that he is bound on an important errand; so that if, perchance, his horse break down, or he meet with other mishap, whomsoever he may fall in with on the road, he is empowered to make him dismount and give up his horse. Nobody dares refuse in such a case; so that the courier hath always a good fresh nag to carry him.

—Marco Polo.

Cambaluc': name given by Marco Polo to Peking in China.—**require'ments**: needs.—**Khan** (kän): a king, a chief.—**equipped** (ē kwĭpt'): furnished, fitted out.—**courier** (koo̅'rĭ-ēr): a messenger sent with haste.

A FOX TALE

When I ask children to tell me what they know about a fox, they almost always reply: "He is a little red beast, very cowardly and cunning: he kills hens, and has a very bushy tail."

This is all quite true; but Renard lives a very hard and extremely uncertain life; yet all the while is so dashing and gentlemanly, so quick and clever, that you must forgive him one or two faults.

He begins his life in a nice warm nest of hay, dry moss, and leaves, at the bottom of a deep burrow, generally in a sandy bank. His mother tends him, fondles

him, plays with him, as only a mother can; her one ambition being to keep him concealed from human sight. Once a man came by a particular burrow with his dog, hung about for some time near by, and then went away again. That night, Mother Fox took her little one up in her mouth by the nape of his neck, and set off to find a safer home. Hardly had she gone ten yards from her burrow when a dog jumped out of some bushes and gave chase.

Mother Fox flew like the wind over hill and dale, on and on, till her breath began to come in short, sharp gasps, and she felt she would soon have to turn and face her pursuer. But never once did she dream of dropping her little one and thereby saving herself; oh, no! cowardly as foxes are ever said to be, the mothers will always die fighting for their young.

Happily for this mother, however, a long stretch of bushes just then came in sight, and, summoning up all her strength, she made a last spurt, and crept into the thick of them. The dog followed for a short distance, but evidently found the thorns too sharp for his thick nose and long flapping ears, for he soon retired, leaving Mother Fox gasping, but triumphant, with her little one safe and sound.

She crept some way farther into the bushes to guard against pursuit, and there lay hidden till nightfall, when once more she stole stealthily out with her cub in her mouth, and made tracks for a hollow tree which

she knew of in the neighborhood. Reaching it in safety, she soon had a warm nest made in the tree trunk, where little Renard lay for weeks eating and sleeping by turns, till he grew into quite a respectable fox.

And what a merry little fellow he was! As playful as a kitten, and quite as active; running all round and over his poor patient mother, burying his face in the furry depths of her brush, or, if she refused him that huge enjoyment, flying round and round in a mad race after his own, till he looked for all the world like a woolly spinning top!

But life is not all play, even to little foxes, and young Renard was awakened every night by a poke in the back from his father, who wanted his company on all nightly expeditions; for, strange as it may seem to us, foxes have lessons at night and sleep through the day, instead of having lessons through the day and sleeping at night. And sometimes little Renard was good at his lessons, and sometimes he was not.

Very often, on catching sight of a pheasant or a partridge, instead of trailing his hind legs out behind him, as his father did, he would forget, and gallop straight at his prey, and yelp with excitement, expecting the bird to sit still and be caught! Not till the pheasant was whirring away high in the air would he remember that stealth and cunning alone will win a fox his daily bread.

Hitherto little Renard had known no sorrow, and it came to him very suddenly one night when he was out foraging with his father. They were creeping along

together, keeping as much under cover of the long grass as possible, when Mr. Fox struck on a hare's trail, and off the two set with their noiseless gliding motion, their noses well to the ground, and their ears alive to every sound under the moon.

All at once, when Mr. Fox was slinking under a gate, he began to back and wriggle as if trying to escape from some unseen power. Young Renard pulled up, watched the old fox anxiously for a moment, and then, seeing a dark form approach, he fled, thinking only of the safety of his own red skin.

Truth to tell, it was a poacher's net into which the old fox had fallen, and the more he struggled to free himself the tighter he became entangled. Feeling this, and hearing the poacher himself approaching, the cunning creature lay perfectly still, in the hope, no doubt, of escape by pretending to be dead. But the sly old netter was quite up to Renard's tricks; and seeing that his nets would be torn to pieces if he did not free the animal at once, he tried to loosen one end from the gate.

Mr. Fox, however, thought the trap had been set for *him,* and was determined not to be taken in that way; so he snarled and bit at the man every time he came near the gate. Again and again the poacher tried, but at last, losing patience, he seized some heavy stones from a pile close by, and pelted Mr. Fox till he died. "And," said the poacher afterwards, when telling the tale to a friend, "it went sore against me killing that animal, for never a sound did it make from first to last."

Young Renard had witnessed his father's fate from a safe distance, and ran off as soon as all was over to tell his mother. He found her busily scratching up their morning meal from the various larders round about: for foxes, you know, always bury their prey, and never keep more than one "joint" (be it of bird or beast) in the same larder at the same time. They have game safes scattered for miles round in all directions, so that if one is discovered, they still have two

or three other breakfasts or dinners waiting for them somewhere else.

Mrs. Fox did not seem to take her loss very much to heart. She merely told young Renard that he would have to supply food for himself and her now, and bade him hurry on with his breakfast.

His meal over, Renard strolled about till he found a cosy place among the bushes wherein to rest. He tried this place and that, but none suited him: one was humpy, another too deep, and a third full of pine needles; but at last, after a great deal of thinking and poking, he twisted himself into a round woolly ball, curled his tail over his nose and slept soundly till dusk.

When he awoke, he remembered with a pang that he would have to do the hunting all alone that night, and for every night to come; and that, if there were any poachers' nets or gamekeepers' traps, he would be sure to fall into them, as now he had no one to run ahead and look out for him.

He thought over all the birds and beasts which he liked best to eat, and decided that a nice fat chicken was really dearest to his heart. So away he went, as soon as it was dark, to a farmyard some five miles off. Arrived there, he was not long in discovering the hen-house, and, luckily for him, the farmer's wife had left the small lower door open to admit three stray ducks who had not appeared at the usual locking-up hour.

Renard was not slow to take advantage of this

piece of good luck, and, creeping slyly through the hole, stood quite still for a minute or two to see if his entrance had been observed. It had evidently not, for there was the silence of sleep upon the unsuspecting fowls; so, cautiously, and with a beating heart, he softly climbed the ladder, and crept toward an open coop which was standing on the floor. There was a nice fat chicken inside, which stirred a little as Renard approached, and fearing it was going to wake up and cackle, he made a dash and caught it by the neck.

The chicken struggled fiercely, one of its wings got caught in the bars of the coop, and the scuffling that followed soon woke the whole roost. Then began such a cackling, and screaming, and quacking as Renard had never heard before, and he tugged at his chicken in despair, expecting the farmer's wife to appear every minute. At last he got free of the coop, and was just going to descend the ladder, when the door opened and a woman came in with a lantern.

Renard saw in a moment that escape by the door was impossible, and instantly his quick brain had planned a bold scheme. Dropping the chicken from his mouth, he stumbled on the top step of the ladder and rolled heavily to the bottom. The farmer's wife ran forward, stick in hand, to put an end to the thief; but seeing he lay quiet in a huddled-up heap, she seized his tail, and dragged him toward the door. Feeling his stiff and lifeless body somewhat heavy, she tum-

bled him into a thicket of nettles, and he almost barked with delight. True, he had lost his chicken, but had gained in cunning, and cunning is honor among foxes.

—B. Grieve.

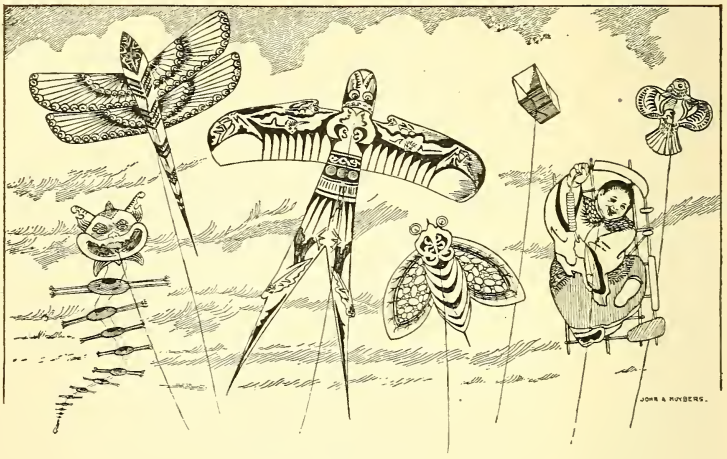
Renard (rĕn′ ẽrd): a name given to a fox, usually in poetry or fables.—**spurt**: a sudden dash.—**brush**: the bushy tail of the fox.—**pheasant** (fĕz′-*a*nt), **par′tridge**: kinds of birds, noted as game birds.—**for′aging**: searching for food.—**poacher**: one who catches game or fish contrary to law.

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
  Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
  Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
  Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
  Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.



THE GAMES OF THE CHINESE BOY

The active sports of Chinese boys are few. There are hardly any sports that develop the muscles and make a lad graceful and agile. The Chinese boy at sixteen is as grave and sober as an American grandfather; and if he happens to be married soon after, he throws aside most games as being childish. At the best, he has nothing corresponding to baseball, football, cricket, bicycle-riding, skating, sliding, or tennis.

Nor is he fond of exerting himself. He would rather sit for hours talking and joking than waste time in running or jumping. His elders, too, frown upon noisy games. They approve quiet, thoughtful lads who are given to study.

But you must not suppose that the Chinese boy

never plays at all. In spite of many obstacles, he proves that he is a boy still, and I will describe those outdoor amusements that he has.

Kite-flying is a national pastime. Young and old take part in it, and it is not unusual to see a gray-haired man enjoying it in company with a ten-year-old youngster. Kites are of all sizes. I have seen kites that were six or seven feet from wing to wing. The frame is made of bamboo slips which can be easily bent. Over this is pasted very stout rice-paper, upon which strong figures are painted—sometimes the face of a man, sometimes a bird.

On the larger kites a bow is fastened at the top, with a reed instead of a string, and when the wind blows upon this reed, a melodious sound is heard through the air, that greatly delights everybody; it seems to the watchers a mysterious voice from a different world.

Kite-flying in America can be much improved. Kites should be constructed of the Chinese shape. The rib that runs through both wings should bulge out so that the paper on both sides may cave in. This is for the purpose of catching and holding the wind as well as of steadying the kite. For a kite of this shape a tail is not needed.

To fly such a kite, the cord must be very strong, and often it requires two or three men to hold it. When the kite gets among the clouds and the flyer's enthu-

siasm is at its boiling-point, a paper butterfly, beautifully colored, is fastened on the cord, and the wind sends it up with a whizzing sound to the kite itself. But when it touches the kite, the butterfly's wings come together, and down it returns, by its own weight, bringing a message from the skies, and its graceful approach is watched breathlessly.

The ninth day of the ninth month, which in China comes in October, is "Kites' Day." On that day it is the fashion to go up on high hills and fly kites. Such a scene is inspiring. Men and boys, of all ranks, sizes, and ages, are seen with cords in their hands, pulling, yanking, and jerking, or letting loose all sorts of agile rice-paper monsters in the windy sky. The fun consists in making the kites fight—in entangling them and cutting one another's strings by sudden jerks.

There is a story to account for the origin of Kites' Day. Back in the world's history, when Time was yet a boy, a man, while working in the field, was told by a passing stranger that a terrible plague was about to visit his house on the ninth day of the ninth month, and that the only way to escape was to flee to a high hill near by. After giving this warning, the stranger disappeared mysteriously.

This man, who was, by the way, a very good man, went home, and getting his whole family together before the fatal day arrived, set out with them to the hill and remained there all day. To pass away the

time, probably, his children flew their kites. Hence the custom.

After sunset, they went home and found that all their cattle, chickens, and ducks had died. This, they thought, proved that they themselves had been saved by the help of some deity. Ever since, people have made the day a national holiday.

Kicking the shuttlecock is a favorite outdoor amusement with both boys and men. The shuttlecock consists of a bunch of feathers stuck in small, round pieces of leather, or pasteboard, and tied together by a string. The game is to kick it when it is kicked to you without allowing it to drop on the ground. When one misses, he has to kick to someone else. From two to six persons can play. Skillful players will keep the shuttlecock above ground for some time.

We also have something which is a feeble apology for the manly sport of baseball. A piece of snake-skin is wound around with yarn until it attains the size of a billiard ball. Boys in China toss it, or make it bound, as American boys do their rubber balls.

Swimming is not popular, although many Chinese boys learn to swim. Fishing means work with the Chinese. A man or boy goes fishing simply for the fish, and not for the fun; and I am of the opinion that my countrymen are right.

Cricket-fighting is a sort of craze with some Chinese. In the cricket season, men and boys hunt for

them by the wayside, or among thickets on the mountains. When caught they are fed and afterwards tested as to their fighting qualities. A good fighter will fetch quite a large sum.

Dominoes is a game played by men and women as well as children. It is different from the American game, being more like the card game of whist.

Guessing pennies always furnishes much amusement to little boys and girls. Chinese coins are made of brass and copper, with a square hole in the middle for convenience in carrying. On one side is a legend in Chinese giving the name of the emperor's reign and the word "currency." The game is to guess the name of the reign, when the coin is turned upside down. Another game is played around a fruit-stand; it is to guess the number of seeds in an orange. The loser pays for the orange while the winner eats it.

There are not many games in which boys and girls play together. If they do play together it is only while they are children, under ten or twelve. Growing-up girls will have nothing whatever to do with boys, though Chinese boys and girls are very sociable, each with friends of the same sex.

—Yan Phou Lee.

agile (ăj′ īl): nimble, active, quick.—**or′igin**: beginning.—**plague** (plāg): a disease.—**de′ity**: god.—**cur′rency**: money.

HOW THOR FOUND HIS HAMMER

The frost-giants were always trying to get into Asgard. For more than half the year they held the world in their grasp, locking up the streams in their rocky beds, hushing their music and the music of the birds as well, and leaving nothing but desolation under the cold sky.

They hated the warm sunshine which stirred the wild flowers out of their sleep, and clothed the steep mountains with green things, and set all the birds a-singing in the swaying tree-tops. They hated the beautiful god Balder, with whose presence summer came back to the icebound earth; and, above all, they hated Thor, whose flashing hammer drove them back into Jotunheim, and guarded the summer sky with its sudden gleamings of power. So long as Thor had his hammer, Asgard was safe against the giants.

One morning Thor started up out of a long, deep sleep, and put out his hand for the hammer; but no hammer was there. Not a sign of it could be found anywhere, although Thor anxiously searched for it. Then a thought of the giants came suddenly into his mind; and his anger rose till his eyes flashed like great fires, and his red beard trembled with wrath.

"Look, now, Loke," he shouted, "they have stolen Mjolner by enchantment, and no one on earth or in heaven knows where they have hidden it."

"We will get Freyja's falcon-guise and search for it," answered Loke, who was always quick to get into trouble or to get out of it again. So they went quickly to Folkvang and found Freyja surrounded by her maids and weeping tears of pure gold, as she had always done since her husband went on his long journey.

"The hammer has been stolen by enchantment," said Thor. "Will you lend me the falcon-guise that I may search for it?"

"Even if it were silver, or even gold, you should have it and welcome," answered Freyja, glad to help Thor find the wonderful hammer that kept them all safe from the hands of the frost-giants.

So the falcon-guise was brought, and Loke put it on and flew swiftly out of Asgard to the home of the giants. His great wings made broad shadows over the ripe fields as he swept along; and the reapers, looking up from their work, wondered what mighty bird was flying seaward.

At last he reached Jotunheim; and no sooner had he touched the ground and taken off his falcon-guise than he came upon the giant Thrym, sitting on a hill twisting golden collars for his dogs and stroking the long manes of his horses.

"Welcome, Loke," said the giant. "How fares it with the gods and the elves, and what has brought you to Jotunheim?"

"It fares ill with both gods and elves since you stole Thor's hammer," said Loke, guessing that Thrym was the thief; "and I have come to find where you have hidden it."

Thrym laughed as only a giant can when he knows he has made trouble for somebody.

"You won't find it," he said at last. "I have buried it eight miles under ground, and no one shall take it away from there unless he gets Freyja for me as my wife."

The giant looked as if he meant what he said; and Loke, seeing no other way of finding the hammer, put on his falcon-guise and flew back to Asgard. Thor was waiting to hear what news he brought, and both were soon at the great doors of Folkvang.

"Put on your bridal dress, Freyja," said Thor bluntly, after his fashion, "and we will ride swiftly to Jotunheim."

But Freyja had no idea of marrying a giant just to please Thor; and, in fact, that Thor should ask her to do such a thing threw her into such a rage that the floor shook under her angry tread, and her necklace snapped in pieces.

"Do you think I am a weak love-sick girl, to follow you to Jotunheim and marry Thrym?" she cried indignantly.

Finding they could do nothing with Freyja, Thor and Loke called all the gods together to talk over the

matter and decide what should be done to get back the hammer. The gods were very much alarmed, because they knew the frost-giants would come upon Asgard as soon as they knew the hammer was gone. They said little, for they did not waste time with idle words; but they thought long and earnestly. At last Heimdal, who had once been a Van, and could therefore look into the future, said:

"We must have the hammer at once, or Asgard will be in danger. If Freyja will not go, let Thor be dressed as a woman and go in her place."

Thor frowned angrily. "If I dress like a woman," he said, "you will jeer at me."

"Don't talk of jeers," retorted Loke; "unless that hammer is brought back quickly, the giants will rule in our places."

Thor said no more, but allowed himself to be dressed like a bride, and soon drove off to Jotunheim with Loke beside him disguised as a servant-maid. There was never such a wedding journey before. They rode in Thor's chariot, and the goats drew them, plunging swiftly along the way, thunder pealing through the mountains and the frightened earth blazing and smoking as they passed.

It was evening when the bride came driving into the giant's court in her blazing chariot. The feast was already spread for her coming, and with her veil modestly covering her face she was seated at the great

table, Thrym fairly beside himself with delight. It wasn't every giant who could marry a goddess!

If the bridal journey had been so strange that anyone but a foolish giant would have hesitated to marry a wife who came in such a turmoil of fire and storm, her conduct at the table ought certainly to have put Thrym on his guard; for never had a bride such an appetite before. The great tables groaned under the load of good things, but they were quickly relieved of their burden by the hungry bride.

She ate a whole ox before the astonished giant had fairly begun to enjoy his meal. Then she devoured eight large salmon, one after the other, without stopping to take breath; and having eaten up the part of the feast specially prepared for hungry men, she turned upon the delicacies which had been made for the women, and especially for her own dainty appetite.

Thrym looked on with wondering eyes; and at last, when she had added to these solid foods three whole barrels of mead, his amazement was so great that, his astonishment getting the better of his politeness, he called out, "Did any one ever know a maid who could drink so much mead?"

Then Loke, who was playing the part of a serving-maid, thinking the giant might have some suspicions, whispered to him, "Freyja was so happy in the thought of coming here that she has eaten nothing for eight whole days."

Thrym was so pleased at this evidence of affection that he leaned forward and raised the veil as gently as a giant could, but he instantly dropped it and sprang back the whole length of the hall before the bride's terrible eyes.

"Why are Freyja's eyes so sharp?" he called to Loke. "They burn me like fire."

"Oh," said the cunning serving-maid, "she has not slept for a week, so anxious has she been to come here; and that is why her eyes are so fiery."

Everybody looked at the bride, and nobody envied Thrym. They thought it was too much like marrying a thunder-storm.

The giant's sister came into the hall just then and, seeing the veiled form of the bride sitting there, went up to her and asked her for a bridal gift. "If you would have my love and friendship, give me those rings of gold upon your fingers."

But the bride sat perfectly silent. No one had yet seen her face or heard her voice.

Thrym became very impatient. "Bring in the hammer," he shouted, "that the bride may be consecrated, and wed us at once."

If the giant could have seen the bride's eyes when she heard these words, he would have sent her home as quickly as possible and looked somewhere else for a wife.

The hammer was brought and placed in the bride's

lap, and everybody looked to see the marriage ceremony; but the wedding was more strange and terrible than the bridal journey had been. No sooner did the bride's fingers close round the handle of Mjolner than the veil which covered her face was torn off; and there stood Thor, the giant-queller, his terrible eyes blazing with wrath.

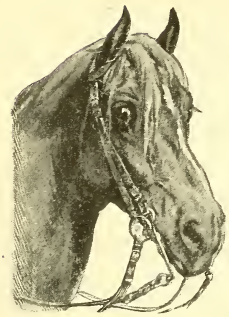
The giants shuddered and shrank away from those flaming eyes, the sight of which they dreaded more than anything else in all the world; but there was no chance of escape. Thor swung the hammer round his head, and the great house rocked on its foundations. There was a vivid flash of lightning, an awful crash of thunder, and the burning roof and walls buried the whole company in one common ruin.

Thrym was punished for stealing the hammer, his wedding guests got crushing blows instead of bridal gifts, and Thor and Loke went back to Asgard, where the presence of Mjolner made the gods safe once more.

—Hamilton Wright Mabie. (*Slightly Abridged.*)

As'gard: the kingdom of the gods in old Northern mythology.—**desola'tion**: ruin, waste.—**Bal'der**: the Northern sun-god, the most beautiful of the gods.—**Thor**: the god of thunder.—**Jotunheim** (yō' tŭn-hīm): the kingdom of the giants.—**Lo'ke**: the god of destruction.—**Mjolner** (myol' nēr): Thor's hammer, made for him by the dwarfs. It returned to his hand each time after it was thrown.—**Freyja** (frī' ä): goddess of fruitfulness.—**Folk'väng**: the dwelling of Freyja.—**falcon-guise**: a disguise which made the one wearing it resemble a falcon.—**Thrym**: trĭm.—**Heimdal** (hīm' däl): the guardian against the giants.—**Van**: a light-god.—**con'secrated**: set apart for a particular sacred use.

SKIPPER



At the age of six Skipper went on the police force. Shapely of limb and sound of wind he was, with not a blemish from the tip of his black tail to the end of his crinky forelock. He had been broken to the saddle by a Green Mountain boy who knew more of horse nature than of the things written in books. He gave Skipper kind words and an occasional friendly pat on the flank. So Skipper's disposition was sweet and his nature a trusting one.

Early on the first morning of his service, men in brass-buttoned blue coats came to the stable to feed and rub down the horses. Skipper's man had two names. One was Officer Martin; at least that was the one to which he answered when the man with the cap called the roll before they rode out for duty. The other name was "Reddy." That was what the rest of the men in blue coats called him. Skipper noticed that he had red hair and concluded that "Reddy" must be his real name.

As for Skipper's name, it was written on the tag tied to the halter which he wore when he came to the city. Skipper heard him read it. The boy on the farm

had done that; and Skipper was glad, for he liked the name.

There was much to learn in those first few weeks, and Skipper learned it quickly. He came to know that at inspection, which began the day, you must stand with your nose just on a line with that of the horse on either side. If you didn't you felt the bit or the spurs. He mastered the meaning of "right dress," "left dress," "forward," "fours right," and a lot of other things. Some of them were very strange.

Now on the farm they had said, "Whoa, boy," and "Gid a-a-ap." Here they said, "Halt" and "Forward!" But Reddy used none of these terms. He pressed with his knees on your withers, loosened the reins, and made a queer little chirrup when he wanted you to gallop. He let you know when he wanted you to stop, by the lightest pressure on the bit.

It was a lazy work, though. Sometimes when Skipper was just aching for a brisk canter, he had to pace soberly through the park driveways—for Skipper, as I mentioned before, was part and parcel of the mounted police force. But there, you could know that by the yellow letters on his saddle blanket.

For half an hour at a time he would stand, just on the edge of the roadway and at an exact right angle with it, motionless as the horse ridden by the bronze soldier up near the entrance. Reddy would sit as still in the saddle, too. It was hard for Skipper to

stand there and see those mincing cobs go by, jingling their pole-chains and switching their absurd little stubs of tails. But it was still more tantalizing to watch the saddle-horses canter past in the soft bridle path on the other side of the roadway. But then, when you are on the force you must do your duty.

One afternoon, as Skipper was standing at his post like this, he caught a new note that rose above the hum of the park traffic. It was the quick, nervous beat of hoofs which rang sharply on the hard macadam. There were screams, too. It was a runaway. Skipper knew this even before he saw the bell-like nostrils, the straining eyes, and the foam-flecked lips of the horse, or the scared man in the carriage behind. It was a case of a broken rein.

How the sight made Skipper's blood tingle! Wouldn't he just like to show that crazy roan what real running was! But what was Reddy going to do? He felt him gather up the reins. He felt his knees tighten. What! Yes, it must be so. Reddy was actually going to try a brush with the runaway. What fun!

Skipper pranced out into the roadway and gathered himself for the sport. Before he could get into full swing, however, the roan had shot past with a snort of challenge which could not be misunderstood.

"Oho! You will, eh?" thought Skipper. "Well, now, we'll see about that."

Ah, a free rein! That is, almost free. And a touch of the spurs! No need for that, Reddy. How the carriages scatter! Skipper caught hasty glimpses of smart horses drawn up trembling by the roadside, of women who tumbled from bicycles into the bushes, and of men who ran and shouted and waved their hats.

"Just as though that little roan wasn't scared enough already," thought Skipper.

But she did run well; Skipper had to admit that. She had a lead of fifty yards before he could strike his best gait. Then for a few moments he could not seem to gain an inch. But the mare was blowing herself, and Skipper was taking it coolly. He was putting the pent-up energy of weeks into his strides. Just as Skipper was about to forge ahead, Reddy did a queer thing. With his right hand he grabbed the roan with a nose-pinch grip, and with the left he pulled in on the reins. It was a great disappointment to Skipper, for he had counted on showing the roan his heels.

Skipper knew, after two or three experiences of this kind, that this was the usual thing. Those were glorious runs, though. Skipper wished they would come more often.

—Sewell Ford.

sound of wind: sound or healthy power of breathing.—**blemish**: spot, or mark that disfigures.—**withers**: the ridge between the shoulder bones of a horse.—**roan**: a brown or black horse thickly sprinkled with gray.—**try a brush**: try a race.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him!

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory,
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

—Charles Wolfe. (*Abridged.*)

corse: corpse, dead body.—**martial**: suited to war.

LAURENCE COSTER, THE DISCOVERER OF TYPE-PRINTING

In Holland there is a very ancient town called Haarlem. It is a drowsy, humdrum old place, with quaint houses of many gables, and irregular grass-grown streets, and long reaches of straight, stagnant canals. Some of the streets are so narrow that you can shake hands with a passer-by on the opposite sidewalk, and in some places the upper stories project so far over the lower ones that two people in opposite houses can easily converse with one another.

On one of these streets stands a house which seems even older than most of its neighbors. It looks as if it were toppling over, and might fall down over the rough sidewalk any windy day. Its windows are full of tiny, dust-covered panes, and its single upper story so projects as to form a shelter and shade over the doorway. This ancient house is pointed out to strangers who go to Haarlem to see the curiosities of the old town, as one of especial interest. It is said to be at least six or seven centuries old.

But the reason why it is especially worth seeing is that once upon a time, long, long ago, there dwelt in it a man of whom the people of Haarlem are still very proud. His name was Laurence Coster. He was the warden of a little church which stood not far from his modest dwelling, and passed his time in his not

very heavy duties at the church and in the midst of his family at home.

Among other tastes, Laurence Coster was very fond of reading. He lived, indeed, five hundred years ago; and at that period, it need not be said, there were no printed books such as we have now. The only books which then existed were those written on parchment and vellum, and this was done mainly by the monks in their quiet monasteries. It followed that these written books were very rare and expensive. They were not to be found in the homes of the people. Even a great and rich lord could only afford to have a very few of them. They were as much of a luxury in a rich household as a picture by a famous artist is now.

Of course, as books were so scarce and expensive, very few of the common people ever learned how to read. But Laurence Coster was an exception to this rule. He had always been a great student, fond of learning, and preferring solitude to the society of those around him. In the little church of which he was warden there were a few of the monks' manuscript volumes; and these, we may well believe, Coster had read over and over until he must have well-nigh known them by heart.

Thus Coster lived on to middle age, and then to old age, in a quiet, humdrum, studious existence. He now found his little home peopled with quite a family.

His son had married, and lived with him in the old house, and three or four rosy grandchildren delighted Coster's declining years. To give pleasure to these grandchildren and to teach them what he knew, became the joy of his old age.

Old Coster was very fond of strolling by himself in the outskirts of the quiet town. Sometimes, attired in his short shabby cloak, he would stroll along the banks of the slow little river Spaaren, which wound beyond the town. But his favorite haunt was a dense grove which stood a mile or two beyond the limits of Haarlem, and which was little visited by any one except himself.

This grove had for many a year been a place which Coster had loved to visit. When he had been a young man, full of sentiment, and romantic notions,

he had gone out to it to dream of the fair maid whom he loved. Even now, in old age, he could find on one of the trees the letters which formed the initials of her name, which he had once fondly carved there when in a sentimental mood.

In a different way this habit of carving letters in the bark of the trees still seemed to delight him. When of a lazy summer afternoon he stretched himself out on the short soft moss beneath a beech-tree, he would almost unconsciously tear off some of the bark of the tree and begin to fashion letters from it with his knife.

One day it occurred to him not only to carve the letters, but to cut them out, put them in his pocket, and carry them home. He thought that it would be the easiest possible way to teach his little grandchildren their alphabet, and so in time help them to read, if he showed them the letters in the form of playthings.

After a while this became a regular custom with him. He was delighted to see that the letters of bark greatly amused the children, and that they very soon learned to tell one from another. Then the old man became more careful and more skillful in carving the letters. He tried to fashion them as nicely and distinctly as possible, and spent more hours than ever in the grove, absorbed in this pleasant occupation, which was destined to make him famous.

One afternoon Coster had been more than usually successful in cutting the letters out of the bark. His old eyes twinkled to see how neatly he had made them. He happened to have an old piece of parchment with him, and with this he carefully wrapped up the letters and carried them home in his pocket.

The grandchildren, as usual, were watching eagerly for their dearly loved old grandfather, and as he approached, ran out to meet him, and led him by both hands into the house. They clapped their hands with glee when he took the piece of parchment from his pocket, and, unfolding it, showed them a number of prettier letters than they had ever seen before. They at once took the letters, and strove with each other in pronouncing them, while the old man playfully corrected their mistakes.

Meanwhile, the old scrap of parchment had been thrown carelessly aside. But it happened that one of the little boys, tired for the moment of playing with the letters, picked up the parchment and unfolded it. Then he cried out in wonder, "Look, grandfather! see what the letters have done!"

Coster took the parchment from the boy to see what he meant. His eyes opened wide as he gazed upon the parchment. There, upon its surface, the letters had left a clear imprint. To be sure, the imprint represented the letters reversed, but nevertheless they were there, printed upon the parchment. It soon appeared

that when Coster had carved the letters the bark had been moist with the sap of the tree, and the sap had performed the service of ink.

Old Coster, though a man in a humble sphere of life, was very far from being a dull one. His thoughtful, studious life enabled him to perceive that this printing of the bark letters on the parchment was really a great discovery. What if, by thus having a series of letters, and impressing them again and again upon parchment, books might be multiplied and made cheap for all the world!

Laurence Coster now had a new occupation in life, which absorbed all his hours and labors. By a mere accident, as it seemed, he had discovered the mighty art of printing with types. He went to the grove and cut more letters; and then, using ink, pressed them upon a piece of parchment. He reversed the letters, and now they appeared properly placed upon the page. Then he formed words, and printed them also in the same way.

He next cut the letters, no longer from the breakable bark, but from the solid wood. He managed to invent a thicker, glutinous ink, which would not blur the page when impressed on the parchment. Then he cut his letters out of lead, and finally out of pewter.

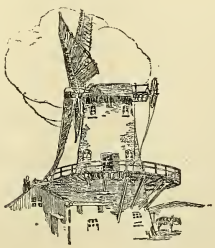
When his ignorant and superstitious neighbors heard what he was doing, some of them declared that he was a madman, while others darkly hinted that he

was a sorcerer. After a while they annoyed him so much that he was forced to shut himself up and conceal his work from them; and so he went on, month after month, striving to bring about the realization of the great art of printing, which he perceived to be possible.

One day, while old Coster was thus busily at work, a sturdy German youth, with a knapsack slung across his back, trudged into Haarlem. By some chance this youth happened to hear how the churchwarden was at work upon a wild scheme to print books instead of writing them. With beating heart the young man repaired to Coster's house, and made all haste to knock at the churchwarden's humble door. Who this youth was, and what came of his visit to old Coster, will be told in the next lesson.

—George M. Towle.

Haarlem: här′ lĕm.—**warden**: keeper, watchman.—**parchment**: the skin of an animal, usually the sheep, prepared to be written on.—**vellum**: a fine kind of parchment, usually made of calfskin.—**Spaaren**: spär′ en.—**glu'tinous**: sticky, gluey.—**pewter**: a hard material made of tin and lead melted together.—**sor'cerer**: magician.



JOHN GUTENBERG, THE INVENTOR OF THE PRINTING-PRESS

The sturdy young German who, with knapsack on back and staff in hand, knocked at old Laurence Coster's door, was no ordinary youth. Although scarcely more than twenty, he had already seen a great deal of life.

John Gutenberg belonged to a distinguished family, and had been brought up in such luxury as could be enjoyed in those rude times; but he did not allow luxurious living to make him lazy or unambitious. He was an industrious student, and had received the best training which the learned monks could give him.

Often, when a boy, he was found poring over the manuscripts which he found in the monasteries where he was educated.

He was also very religious in thought and act. Many a time he would earnestly exclaim, what a pity it was that the Bible was a closed book to the masses of the people; that, as it was written by hand on parchment, it could be possessed only by the churches and monasteries or by very rich people.

Gutenberg's home was at Strasburg, on the banks of the Rhine. He had often dreamed of foreign countries, and imagined what they and their peoples were like; so one day, being strong of limb and active in

exercise, he resolved to pack up his knapsack, attire himself in walking costume, and take a long walking tour. It was while on this trip that, by a chance for which all later generations have had reason to be thankful, he heard of old Coster and his discovery, and hastened to present himself at the humble churchwarden's door.

You can imagine the eagerness with which Coster led his young guest in, and how delighted he was to show him just how the printing of his letters worked. While, with his rude leaden types, the old man pressed letter after letter on the parchment, Gutenberg stood by, giving close attention. Already he imagined that he saw dimly to what great uses this discovery might be put.

"And see here!" exclaimed Coster, holding up some pages of parchment awkwardly sewed together, "here is my first book in print."

It was a Latin grammar. Old Coster had slowly printed it, letter by letter, and right proud was he of the first triumph of his patient labor.

"But we can do better than this," said Gutenberg. "Your printing is even slower than the writing of the monks. From this day forth I will work upon this problem, and not rest till I have solved it."

Warmly grasping Coster's hand, and thanking him for showing him his discovery, Gutenberg put on his knapsack, and trudged out of Haarlem. He had no

longer any thought of continuing his tramp into new scenes. His fondness for seeing strange lands had for the while deserted him. His only thought was to get back as soon as possible to Strasburg, where he lived, and to set to work upon the task he had now planned for himself.

Gutenberg lived in an age of great superstition and ignorance. Everything that was new and unfamiliar seemed to the ignorant people of that time to be the work of sorcery, and any one who dared to do things which appeared marvelous in their eyes was pursued and punished as if he dealt in evil magic. No one knew this better than the young Strasburg scholar.

So, on his arrival at Strasburg, he gave out that he was at work making jewelry. Meanwhile he locked himself up in his room, and, scarcely taking time to eat or sleep, devoted himself to the problem of how to make Coster's discovery useful to the world.

But he found that he was watched and interrupted, and that his hiding himself so constantly in his room gave rise to dark suspicions among his neighbors. So he went to an old ruined monastery, only one or two rooms of which were habitable, and which stood a few miles from the town. Here he thought he could work in peace, for the monastery ruin was in a lonely, deserted place.

Hidden in a dark corner of this old monastery was a little cell. This cell Gutenberg secured by a great

oaken door with heavy bolts, and here he hid the tools and materials needed for his work. At the same time he fitted up a half-ruined room in a more open part of the monastery as a jewelry shop. He engaged two young men to help him polish precious stones and to repair trinkets. In this way he hoped to be able to work at his types in the hidden cell without discovery.

He now set to work, at such times as he could escape into his little cell, in dead earnest. It was not long before he had carved out of some bits of wood, with his knife, a number of separate types. The happy idea struck him to string these on a piece of wire in the form of words and, at last, of sentences. Then, finding that wood was not hard enough, he carved some types, with more difficulty, in lead.

Having made types which satisfied him, Gutenberg tried to make an ink which would print distinctly, and he soon succeeded in producing such an ink. As he continued to work, the great idea that was absorbing him grew more and more clear. He had his types and his ink, so he made a brush and a roller to put the ink on the types. He had now got as far as printing a whole word or sentence on a piece of parchment; and, by changing the movable types about, could form at will new words and sentences.

His next task was to construct "chases," so that the types could be held together, and would print in

pages. And at last the idea of a printing-press was made a reality.

When Gutenberg had completed and gazed with delight on the first printing-press which had ever been constructed, the main difficulties of his task were over. With his types set in their chases, his different colored inks at his elbow, his rollers at hand to apply the ink, and his press ready to press the blank pages down upon the types, he stood ready to complete the first book printed with movable type.

But poor Gutenberg was not to gain much happiness from the results of his labors and the splendid invention he had made. He worked so hard that the few hours of the night which he took for sleep were disturbed by uneasy dreams.

Sometimes he thought that angelic voices warned him not to go on with his printing, that it would bring untold miseries upon the human race. Then he would rise in the morning, unrefreshed by his slumbers and terrified by the vision, and, seizing a mallet, would be on the point of smashing his printing-press all to pieces.

But sometimes other spirits would appear to him in dreams, and urge him to go on with his good work, saying that it would be an immense blessing and benefit to all the world in all future ages. This would inspire him with new energy, and he would toil the next day with a lighter heart.

But after the printing-press had been made, and he had really begun to print books, his assistants in the jewelry shop betrayed him. They told the people of Strasburg about his long absences and mysterious movements. Their story soon spread through the

town, and roused the anger and hatred of the writers of manuscript books, who feared lest printing should ruin their occupation.

Gutenberg's enemies soon forced him to fly from Strasburg. He was stripped of all he had in the world, and even his life was threatened. So he went back to Mayence, his birthplace, and there resumed his printing. He took a rich jeweler, Fust, into partnership. But he was not allowed to work long in peace. Fust

turned against him, and he was soon forced to leave Mayence as he had left Strasburg.

He was now wretchedly poor, and for a while roamed aimlessly from place to place. But at last he found a home in Nassau, the ruler of which offered his protection. In that quiet town, Gutenberg set up his press again, and printed many books, and spent the remainder of his days, it is pleasant to say, in rest, comfort and content, although he never got rich from his invention. He died in the year 1468, at the age of sixty-nine; and many years after the statue of him, which may be seen standing in Mayence, was erected in his honor by the descendants of those who had driven him forth, a beggar, from his native city.

—George M. Towle.

distin'guished: high in public opinion.—**poring over**: studying earnestly.—**hab'itable**: fit to be lived in.—**chases**: frames to hold type in the form of pages.—**Mayence**: mā-ŏns'.—**Nassau**: năs' a.

THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

coot: a bird which resembles the duck.—**hern**: heron.—**bicker**: to move quickly and unsteadily.—**thorps**: small villages.—**fallow**: plowed land.—**foreland**: a cape, a headland.

CHRISTMAS AT THE CRATCHITS

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, dressed out but poorly in a twice turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes.

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in the thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table while Master Peter Cratchit blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbling up knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day, by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night,"

replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning."

"Well! never mind so long as you are here," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and get warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter wound about him, without counting the fringe hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden fall in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha did not like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the washhouse that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see."

Bob's voice was trembling when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, led by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the two young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in procession.

Such a bustle followed that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course, and in truth it was very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy, ready beforehand in a little

saucepan, hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came.

At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Helped out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family. Indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight, surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish, they hadn't eaten it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows.

But now the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the backyard and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—supposition at which the two young Cratchits became pale. All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress' next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, smoking hot, and decorated with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all over, the cloth was

cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass —two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed: "A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

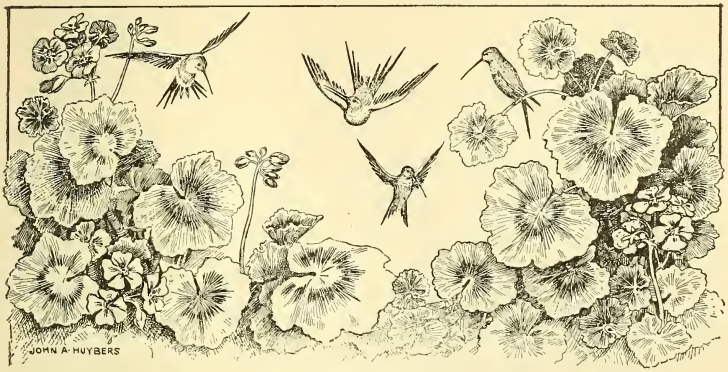
Which all the family reëchoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

—Charles Dickens.

basking: being warmed.—**ram'pant**: leaping.—**ral'lied**: teased.—**credu'lity**: readiness to believe.—**hob**: a shelf at the side of a fireplace where things are put to be kept warm.—**simmer**: to boil gently.—**phenom'enon**: that which strikes one as strange or unusual.—**incred'ible vig'or**: unbelievable strength or energy.—**themes**: subjects.—**univer'sal**: general.—**achieved**: performed.



THE RUBY-THROAT

"I was born," began the bird, "in a tiny lichen-covered nest, which looked exactly like a little knob of bark on the limb where my parents had placed it. The egg out of which I hatched was only about the size of a pea; and in the beginning I was not as large as a June beetle."

"Were you born in South America?" asked Peter.

"Oh, no; I am a citizen of the United States," replied the bird proudly. "I was born half a mile from this garden. I had never been South. So when it began to grow cool in the evenings, and a few leaves turned scarlet, and I saw birds of all kinds gathering together in the thickets, I asked another humming bird, who was older than I, what it all meant.

"Then, too, I heard the goldfinches and indigo birds talking about it, and very soon I saw the first excur-

sion leave for the South: several thousand birds of all sorts—robins, swallows, bluebirds, wrens, orioles, all starting for southern resorts.

"Several birds said to me: 'Don't wait too long. Don't wait until you hear the wild geese and the snipe. They stay too late for you. You had better come with us.'"

"I don't suppose you could endure the snow, could you?" asked Peter.

"Snow! Mercy, no! I couldn't even endure a hard frost! It would kill me. I require the hottest sunshine. So you see I began to think about starting; and the very next day a dozen of us humming birds joined a big flock of assorted song birds and started just after sunrise."

"How did you know the way?" asked Peter curiously.

"To tell you the truth," confessed the humming bird, "I don't know how we birds know the way. It is something born in us that we can't explain. You know what the five senses are, don't you?"

"Yes," said Geraldine; and she began counting on her five slim fingers. "First comes sight; that makes one! Then taste; that makes two! Then hearing, three; touch, four; and smell, five!"

"Exactly," said the bird; "but to that you must add a sixth sense, called the sense of nearness to things; and a seventh sense, the sense of direction."

"But we don't possess those senses," began Peter.

"No; but we do," answered the humming bird, twittering with laughter.

Amused, yet a trifle humbled, the children looked curiously at the bird.

"It is probably this seventh sense, the sense of direction, which guides us in our journey," resumed the bird thoughtfully.

The bird scratched its jeweled head with one tiny claw. "But, to resume, we started several thousand strong on our excursion. Over Virginia and North Carolina the robins bade us good-by and dropped to earth; the bluebirds were the next to go; the chewinks left us in Florida; the orioles in Mexico; then the remaining orioles and tanagers dropped earthward over Central America, and we humming birds stopped over with them for a few days, then continued leisurely southward to Brazil."

"You must have had a great many adventures down there," said Peter.

"I should think I did," said the humming bird. "Once when I was flying around a thicket of wild geraniums in company with a dozen other humming birds, a snake struck suddenly from among the thick leaves and caught the bird beside me. That was a danger to which we were always exposed. But there was another danger worse than that."

"What could be worse?" asked Geraldine.

"Spiders!"

"Spiders? Why, spiders couldn't catch a bird, even such a little bird as you!" said Peter.

"Not these harmless spiders around here," said the bird, amused; "but there is one kind of spider in South America which spins a web strong enough to entangle and hold fast a bigger bird than I am. He's bad enough, but there is another spider, as big as Peter's fist, a furry, soft-stepping, sly creature who creeps after birds.

"One day I was sitting on a twig of a camphor bush, dozing in the heated shade, but opening one eye occasionally to see what the monkeys were about. You can never trust one of those South American monkeys. He may think it funny to make a grab at you, or he may throw a green guava at you, or he may spring on the limb where you are sitting and frighten you out of your wits."

Peter began to laugh.

"It sounds rather amusing, but it isn't really funny," said the humming bird. "I would rather take my chances with real dangers than be kept busy avoiding the practical jokes of a miserable monkey!

"Well, as I was saying, I sat there dozing, one eye opening at times to look out for the monkeys who were frisking about in a tree near by.

"One old monkey came out along a limb and shouted to me: 'Look out!'

"I paid little attention to him, but kept my eye open.

"'Didn't you hear me say, "look out?"' screamed the monkey.

"I shrugged my wings in contempt.

"'All right, then!' shouted the monkey; 'it's your own fault.'

"Almost at the same moment I saw something flying at me through the air. I thought he had thrown a big nut at me, and I whizzed up into the air just as something struck and stuck clinging to the very spot on which I had been perching—an enormous spider!—wicked little eyes glittering, great hairy jaws and claws widespread.

"Come, now, Peter, what do you think of that for an adventure?"

"Tremendous!" cried Peter with enthusiasm; "splendid! Did you immediately attack that spider and defeat him in a pitched battle?"

"No," said the humming bird, "I didn't. I was frightened and angry; I hovered above him in the sunshine, and my crest rose and I uttered some furious squeaks. Other birds heard me and came flying to see what was the matter; and in a few moments there were dozens of birds of all sorts flying around the branch where that big bird-spider squatted, all scolding and shrieking for somebody to come and attack the spider."

"Oh, I hope somebody came!" exclaimed Geral-

dine, clasping her hands; "some brave champion who dared to engage that horrid creature in single combat!"

"It was rather singular," said the humming bird, "but nobody seemed to care to do battle with that great, hairy, hideous insect. The monkeys sat in rows on the branches of the tree and chattered and shivered, but they didn't even throw pods and nuts at the spider. A toucan with a big horny bill that could easily have crushed our enemy, hopped along the branches to look at him, and then went back to pick guavas and toss them into the air and swallow them. And dozens of parrots hung head downward to look at the spider and squawk at him; and the flying squirrels peeped down at him; and an old ant-bear sat up on his haunches and wriggled his long fleshy snout at him, but nobody did anything, until——"

The bird paused.

"Until—" repeated the children expectantly, fairly wriggling with anticipation.

"Until, suddenly, with a deep, loud, angry buzz-z! an enormous hornet appeared. 'Buzz! z-z-z-r-r! buz-z! Where is he? where's that spider? Where is that big, fuzzy bird-killer, who is looking for a fight?'

"'There he is! There he is!' twittered the birds in high excitement. 'There he is, crouching on that old mossy branch!'

"The huge hornet saw him, swooped downward,

and began circling above the spider, who raised himself on his heavy, hairy legs in a frightened attitude of defense. Then, all at once, the great spider turned and ran for his life. But the hornet darted at him, and with a terrible thrust of her sting tumbled the bird-eater clean off the branch so that he fell, bouncing and sprawling, on the dead leaves below!"

—Robert W. Chambers.

lichen (lī' kĕn): a plant growing on rocks and the bark of trees. It is somewhat like moss.—**destina'tion**: the place set for the end of a journey.—**instinct**: a natural tendency to do certain things.—**guava** (gwä'vä): a West Indian tree bearing a berry-shaped fruit somewhat like, but smaller than, a pomegranate. This fruit makes fine jelly.—**pitched battle**: one in which armies are drawn up in form before it commences.—**tou'can**: a fruit-eating bird of Brazil, having brilliant plumage and a large soft bill nearly as long as its body.—**anticipa'tion**: expectation.

THE WHISTLE

When I was a child of seven years, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family.

My brothers and sisters and cousins, understand-

ing the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind of what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle"; and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle.

When I saw one fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, "He pays, indeed," said I, "too much for his whistle."

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, "Poor man," said I, "you pay too much for your whistle."

When I met a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health

in their pursuit, "Mistaken man," said I, "you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle."

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison, "Alas!" say I, "he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

In short, I believe that a great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

—Benjamin Franklin (*Abridged*).

vol'untarily: willingly.—**chagrin** (shȧ-grĭn'): vexation.—**benev'olent**: having a disposition to do good.—**accu'mulating**: gathering.—**laud'able**: worthy of praise.—**corpo'real**: bodily.—**equipages** (ĕk-wĭ-pāj' ĕz): carriages.—**es'timates**: opinions.

Maxims of Poor Richard

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

A little neglect may breed mischief: for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

—Benjamin Franklin.

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds, every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.

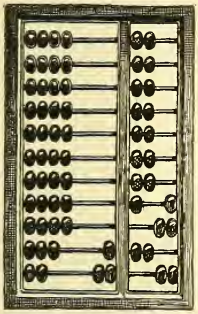
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursling of the Sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley (*Abridged*).

wield: to handle, use.—**flail**: an instrument for beating grain from the ear by hand. It consists of a wooden handle to which is fastened a shorter and heavier wooden club so hung as to swing freely.

A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY

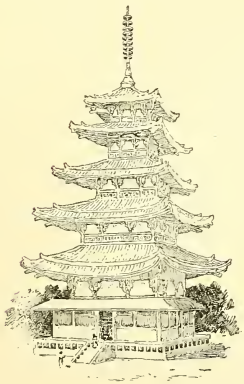


At the age of six I was sent to school. For some time before the fall opening, I was filled with excitement and curiosity and looked forward to the day with great impatience. As our neighbors were few and scattered and I did not have many playmates, I wondered how I should feel on meeting so many strange boys.

Weeks before, I insisted on having a play school at home to prepare myself a little for the great event, and with my mother as teacher I learned the numerals and the forty-eight letters of the Japanese alphabet by heart. I wished to do just as I would at school, and so I used to go outdoors and with measured steps approach the porch. Entering the house, I sat down before a table, and cheerfully began to study.

The few days before the opening of the school were taken for my preparation. I needed copy-books, a slate, an abacus, which is a frame strung with wires on which are wooden beads to be moved in counting and reckoning, and a small writing-box, containing a stone ink-well, a cake of India ink, a china water-vessel, and brushes. I must have also a round lunch set, the three pieces of which can be piled one upon another like a miniature pagoda, and then, when empty, be

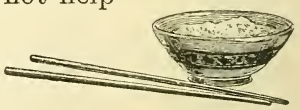
put one within another to reduce the size. A pair of chopsticks went with the set, of course. Now all must be purchased new as if everything had a new start.



And then a new school suit was bought, together with a navy cap. These were all ready the day before school opened.

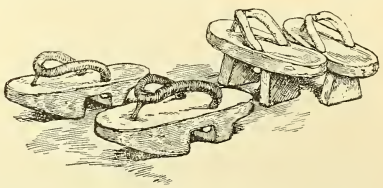
And then came the night before I was to go. I played the part of a watch-dog by sleeping right near my property. In fact, I went to bed early, but I could not sleep till after everybody had retired for the night. And then I dreamed that my abacus stood up, its beads chattering on how to start the trip in the morning. It was joined by the copy-book, made of soft, Japanese paper, which parted hither and thither in walking, as a Japanese lady's skirt.

The next morning I set out with my father for the school. The faces of every one in the house looked out at me from the door. I made every effort to be dignified in walking, but could not help looking back just once, when my face broke into a smile, and I felt suddenly very shy. But as I heard my younger brother struggling to get away from my mother to follow me, I hastened on.



The school was a low, dark-looking building, with paper-screened windows all around like a broad white belt, and with a spacious porch with dusty shelves to leave clogs on. When we arrived, we were led into a side room, where we met the master or principal, and soon my father returned home, leaving me to his care.

I felt somewhat lonesome with strangers all around, but kept myself as cool as possible, which effort was very much like stopping a leak with the hands. A slight neglect would bring something misty into my eyes. But now all the boys and girls came into one large room. Some forty of the older ones and fifteen of those who had newly entered took their seats, the older ones glancing curiously at the newcomers. But we were all in back seats and so were not annoyed with looks that would have felt piercing to us from behind.



The desk given to me was a miserable one; not only was it smeared with ink, ages old, but cuts were made here and there as if it were a well-fought battle-ground. But I did not feel ashamed to sit there, as I thought that this was the place in which a great scholar was to be brought up.

Looking awhile at what was going on, I found that the boys were divided into three classes. The method of teaching was curious; one class had a reading les-

son, while the other two were having writing or arithmetic. The teaching was so arranged that what one class was doing might not disturb the others. I was struck, even in my boyish mind, with the happy method, and learned the first lesson in management.

Reading was done partly in unison with the master, in a singsong style, and the effect was pleasing, if it was not very loud. The class in arithmetic, on the other hand, sent out a pattering noise of pencils on the slates. A writing lesson taken in the midst of such a company was never tiresome. Indeed, anything out of tune would start the whole school laughing, and such things were constantly happening.

—Sakae Shioya (*Adapted*).

min'iature: represented on a small scale.—**pago'da**: tower-like buildings of China, Japan, and India, usually used as temples.—**chopsticks**: small sticks of wood or ivory used by the Chinese and Japanese to convey food to the mouth.—**clogs**: shoes or sandals having very thick soles.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

Part I

In Sicily there was a noble King, named Robert, fair and strong and powerful; in all the world he had no equal. Men called him "Great" and "the Conqueror," and he was the prince of all knighthood in his day. His brothers were Pope Urban and Valemond, Emperor of Germany, a great warrior. This

King Robert was filled with pride, and thought that no man was his like.

It chanced one day, on the eve of St. John's Day, he went to church to evensong; but, as was his wont in that holy place, he thought more of his worldly honor than of humbleness before God. As he sat there he heard the words of the service:

"He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek."

"What mean these words?" he asked of a learned clerk.

"Sire, they mean that God can with ease make men in high places fall low, and bring the lowly into high places. He can bring this to pass in the twinkling of an eye."

"It is a false tale," said the King. "Who hath power to bring me low or into danger? I am the greatest of knights; I may destroy my enemies as I will. There is no man that lives who may withstand me."

Thus he spoke, and thus he thought in his heart; and while he thought, a deep sleep came on him as he sat in his kingly seat. Evensong drew to an end, and still King Robert of Sicily slept. All men went out of the church, and left him sleeping; and they knew not that the King was not with them, for in his place there appeared an angel, in the King's likeness, clad in the King's robes, wearing the King's crown; and the angel was taken for the King, and returned to the

King's palace, and feasted there, all the court having great gladness in his presence.

Night fell upon King Robert as he lay in church, and at length he woke, alone. He cried for his serving men, but no man came. He cried again, but there was no answer, until at last the sexton heard and came to the church door. When he perceived a man in the church, he cried angrily: "What do you here, false knave? You are here to rob!"

"I am no thief! I am the King!" answered King Robert. "Open the church door that I may go to my palace."

The sexton, at these strange words, believed that he had to deal with a madman, and opened the church door in haste. King Robert ran out as if indeed he were mad, and rushed to his palace. When he came to the gates, he called to the porter with loud abuse, and bade him open at once.

"Who are you?" asked the porter. "What is your name?"

"You shall know right soon," said the King. "I am your lord. You shall be cast into prison, and be hanged as a traitor. You shall know that I am the King. Open the gates."

"I vow to you," said the porter, "that the King is now within with all his court. I know it without doubt."

But to make certain, he left the gate and went

within, to the great hall of the palace. There, on the King's throne, sat the angel in the likeness of King Robert.

"Sire," said the porter, "there is a poor fool at the gate who says he is lord and King, and abuses me.

What shall I do to him? Shall I let him come or bid him go?"

"Bring him hither straightway," answered the angel. "I will make him my fool till he gives up this name of King."

The porter went back to the gate and opened it. In ran King Robert, and smote him on the mouth, till the blood came. But the porter called his men, and threw him into a puddle, so that his clothes were all soiled. Then they brought him into the presence of the new King.

"My lord King," said the porter, "this fellow struck me without reason; and he says that he is the King. He has said naught to me but this—that he is King and lord, and that I shall be hanged for a traitor."

"Fool," cried the angel, "you are mad to do such a hurt to my servants. You shall pay the price. Who are you?"

"You know well who I am," answered King Robert. I am King, and King will I be, whatever you do. You sit in my place wrongfully. The Pope is my brother and the Emperor of Germany is my brother. They will uphold me."

"You are my fool," said the angel. "You shall be shorn like a fool, for now you are without a King's dignity. For councilor you shall have an ape, who shall be clad as a fool, like you; he shall be your brother. Perchance of him you may learn wisdom. You shall eat from off the ground, like the dogs and with them."

The angel summoned a barber, who cut King Robert's hair like a fool's, bare to within a hand's-breadth of his ears. He stormed and shouted to no avail, and cried in vain that he would be avenged upon them all. Every man scorned him, and laughed at him for a madman.

So the mighty King Robert of Sicily, for his pride, was put down from his seat, and God Himself could bring him to no lower estate. He was below the mean-

est serving man. He knew the cruelest hunger and thirst, for the dogs ate out of his plate, and he was brought nigh to starvation before he would eat after them. Every day was more bitter to him, for every day the angel called him, and asked scornfully, "My fool, are you King?"

Yet King Robert's pride did not decrease. "I am King," he answered every day. "Though I am cast down, yet am I the King."

"You are my fool," said the angel.

Valemond: văl′ ĕ-mŭnd.—**exalted**: raised to a higher position.—**fool**: In the olden times it was customary for great lords to keep about them a man whose business it was to be funny and amuse the court. He was called "fool" or "jester," and was always ridiculously dressed and made to look as comical as possible.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

Part II

Meanwhile King Robert's dominions prospered. The angel ruled justly and wisely. There was great plenty in the land, and men dwelt in peace with one another.

Thus for three years the angel reigned. At the end of that time there came to Sicily an embassy from Valemond the Emperor, proposing to the King that they should go together to visit their brother the Pope. The angel welcomed the messengers, and gave them rich robes of ermine, and feasted them; and at length

he set out with them for Rome. In his train rode Robert of Sicily, clad in fool's motley, decorated, for a mockery, with foxes' tails; and on his shoulder sat a grinning ape. The angel was clad all in white, with a white steed adorned with rich harness, so that he

looked truly a King; but at the sight of King Robert and his ape all men broke into jeering laughter.

They came to Rome, and the Pope and the Emperor welcomed the angel as their brother, with great splendor and rejoicings. At their meeting King Robert could not contain himself, but rushed among them, crying eagerly on his brothers to recognize him.

"This is no King," he said, pointing to the angel. "He has taken my crown and my throne and my kingdom by some trick. I am Robert of Sicily."

But the Pope and the Emperor would have none of him. His words seemed but another proof of his madness.

And now, when all men cast him off, even his own brothers, King Robert began to feel true repentance in his heart. "Alas," he cried, "how low have I fallen: I am more forlorn than any man alive." Then he thought how he had come to this pass; how in his pride he had said, "no man hath power to bring me low"; and, behold, he was lower now than his humblest servant.

He thought of other Kings whom God had put down from their seats, and he said to himself: "For my evil pride I am set in this sorry case, and it is right that I should be thus. Lord, on Thy fool have pity. I repent of my sin. I alone did wrong, for I leaned not on Thee, and despised Thy word. Have pity on Thy fool, O Lord."

Thus King Robert repented of his pride; and peace came into his heart thenceforth.

In five weeks' time the angel once more returned to Sicily, King Robert, still dressed as a fool, in his train. When they came to the royal palace, the angel called King Robert before him, and asked him, as of old, "Fool, are you King?"

"No, sire," answered King Robert.

"What are you, then?" asked the angel.

"Sire, I am your fool," answered King Robert, "and more than a fool, if that may be."

The angel went into his private chamber, and summoned King Robert to him; and they were left alone.

"You have won God's mercy," said the angel. "God has forgiven your pride. Henceforth serve and dread Him; think of the lowly estate to which you were cast down, and how lowly is even a King in comparison with the King of Heaven. Know now that I am an angel, sent to keep your kingdom from harm while you learned humility; more joy shall fall to me in one hour of one day in Heaven than here on earth befalls a man in an hundred thousand years. I am an angel; you are the King."

In the twinkling of an eye the angel vanished. King Robert returned to the hall of the palace, and was received without question as King.

For three years he reigned wisely and prosperously, until he received warning, in a dream, that the hour of his death was near. Then he wrote down all the story of his fall from high estate, and sent it to his brethren, that they and all men might know that God alone has true power; and this is the tale that has been handed down concerning him.

—F. J. Harvey Darton.

em'bassy: persons sent as messengers.—**mŏt'ley**: clothing made of many colors.—**humil'ity**: freedom from pride.

THE WINDY NIGHT

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the midnight tempests howl!
With a dreary voice, like the dismal tune
Of wolves that bay at the desert moon;—
Or whistle and shriek
Through limbs that creak,
"Tu-who! to-whit!"
They cry and flit,
"Tu-whit! to-who!" like the solemn owl!

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
Sweep the moaning winds amain,
And wildly dash
The elm and ash,
Clattering on the window-sash,
With a clatter and patter,
Like hail and rain
That well nigh shatter
The dusky pane!

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the tempests swell and roar!

Though no foot is astir,
Though the cat and the cur
Lie dozing along the kitchen floor,
There are feet of air
On every stair!
Through every hall—
Through each gusty door,
There's a jostle and bustle,
With a silken rustle,
Like the meeting of guests at a festival!

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the stormy tempests swell!
And make the vane
On the spire complain—
They heave at the steeple with might and main
And burst and sweep
Into the belfry, on the bell!
They smite it so hard, and they smite it so well,
That the sexton tosses his arms in sleep,
And dreams he is ringing a funeral knell!

—Thomas Buchanan Read.

aloof': from a distance.—**amain'**: with might.

BUZ MAKES HER APPEARANCE

Part I

The first thing Buz remembered was having the cramp very badly in two of her left legs, and not being able to stretch them; for she was so carefully packed up in her cell that it was impossible to move.

But she found there was a chance of getting through the ceiling; so she bit and pushed, and pushed and bit, till she could put her head out.

This was satisfactory, as far as it went, but it had its inconveniences.

A bee immediately ran across her face, and she shrank back. She put it out again, and two bees, in a desperate hurry, trod all over it, and she shrank back again.

And so for some time she kept on trying to emerge and being driven back, till at last, becoming accustomed to the manners of the hive, and taking no notice of the pushes and shoves, she scrambled out, and stood on the comb—a very promising young bee.

Then up ran a couple of bees, one of whom straightened out her proboscis, or tongue, which was lying folded back, and offered her honey; while the other caressed her with her antennæ, and stroked her with her fore feet.

"Much obliged to you, I'm sure," said Buz, sucking away at the honey.

"Stretch your wings and legs, and never mind thanking us," answered one of the bees.

"We all do our duty here," said the other, "without wanting thanks. We attend to you because it's our place to do it."

"You didn't help me to scramble out of the cell," remarked Buz; "and what a scramble it was!"

"It's not our place to do that. A bee that couldn't get out of her cell would be no good here."

At this moment, a young bee, from the cell next to that which Buz had just left, came out, very crumpled, and received similar attentions.

Buz looked on with much interest, while the new arrival, who was named "Hum," was fed.

"Now," said one of the nurse bees, "you two had better go out on the board in front of the hive, and sun yourselves. You won't work to-day, of course, nor to-morrow either, unless it's very fine; and don't forget," added she, touching first one and then the other with her antennæ, "that you are called 'Buz,' and you 'Hum.' Now be off with you."

"But which is the way to the board?" asked Buz. "Find out," replied the nurse who had last spoken, as she ran off. "Where's your instinct?" demanded the other, hurrying after her without waiting for an answer.

On being left to themselves, Buz and Hum began crawling down the comb, looking about them with

great curiosity. The cells they had just left were at the top of one of the center combs, and on their way down they did not meet with very many bees; for as the day was warm and bright, most of them were away from the hive, gathering honey and pollen; but, as they approached the entrance, they found themselves surrounded by streams of busy workers, hurrying in every direction, some bringing in stores, and others, who had just deposited their last loads, bustling off to work again.

But, however busy they might be, they all found time to touch Buz and Hum with their antennæ as they passed; and these last instinctively put their own forward and returned the compliment; indeed, they felt as if it would not be comfortable to pass within touching distance of a single bee without that little recognition; it seemed like saying "All's well."

Arrived on the floor of the hive, they stood still and looked about them. After a little time they noticed that the two combs between which they had just descended looked rather darker and dirtier than those on the outside, and that it was toward the latter that the honey-laden bees were hastening.

"I wonder why?" said Buz.

"Yes, I wonder," echoed Hum.

"What are you wondering about?" inquired a great drone, who chanced to be passing lazily along, and who overheard what Buz said.

"We were wondering why some combs looked so much blacker than others," replied Buz.

"Because they are used as nursery combs," said the drone. "Lots of young bees are born in them, and each cell is used over and over again."

"Are they never used for honey?" asked Hum.

"Only if there's no room for it elsewhere; they always like to put honey in a nice new comb, and then it is called 'Virgin honey.' But," he continued, "in an old hive, every comb gets used for young ones, or grubs as we call them, at some time. This isn't an old hive."

"You say 'they,'" remarked Buz, rather timidly; "don't you get honey yourself, then, and work?"

"I should think not!" replied the drone, with great disdain. "Work, indeed!" And he moved slowly away.

Then the two young bees went on toward the entrance of the hive, and, after being well jostled, and ever so much pushed about and run over, all of which they didn't mind a bit, they reached the board outside, and looked upon the world for the first time.

But they soon had to change their position, for they were standing exactly in the stream of traffic.

"Now then," said a bee, who was waddling in with two great lumps of pollen on her thighs, and who bumped against Buz, "get out of the way, can't you!"

"Come, come," said another to Hum, "you mustn't

stand there, you know; which is it to be now—in or out?"

"I'd rather go out, please," answered Hum.

"In fact, we've been sent out to sun," added Buz.

"Out with you then," said the bee, "and ask one of the fanners to show you where to stand."

"What's a fanner?" thought Buz. However, she didn't ask, for fear of being again told to find out; so she passed on with Hum through the entrance. Just outside, a bee was standing quite still, and as Buz passed she felt the ends of her antennæ very much whirred against and tickled, and on looking up found that this was occasioned by the wings of the bee in question, who was moving them so fast that they were almost invisible; in fact, she was nearly lifted by them off her hind legs—sometimes quite—and seemed to have hard work to keep herself down by clinging on to the board with the claws of her front feet.

"I shouldn't wonder if that was a fanner," remarked Buz to Hum.

"I'm a fanner, right enough," said the bee, who had overheard her. "What of that?"

"We were told to ask you where to stand," answered Buz.

"Get to the other side of me then, toward the edge of the board, and out of the way."

Buz and Hum did so, and were then able to look quietly about, without getting knocked against so

often. They soon noticed that, besides the fanner they had spoken to, there were half a dozen more, all busy in the same way.

"What do you keep on fanning for?" asked Buz, who was rather a curious young bee.

"What for?" replied the fanner. "Why, to give the queen and the nurses and all in the hive a little fresh air; they would be stifled this hot weather, if something wasn't done."

"Ah!" said Hum, "I noticed a current of air as we came out."

"I should hope you did," returned the fanner; it would be a pretty thing for us all to be working away like this for nothing!"

At this moment a bee passed in with a splendid load of pollen on her thighs, the two great yellow balls she carried being almost enough to prevent her from staggering along.

"Well done!" said the fanner encouragingly as she passed. "That bee came out of the cell next to mine," she added, "and we were born almost at the same time, so we take an interest in each other."

"Only an interest?" inquired Buz. "I should have thought you were great friends, like Hum and I mean to be."

"There isn't much time to be great friends here," answered the fanner; "we are always so busy, except in the winter, and then we are too sleepy to be very

affectionate. Besides, we give all our love to the queen; you haven't seen her yet, I suppose? Now then! Where are you going? Look out, there! Help! Intruder! Intruder!"

As she spoke, the fanner made at a bee who had just alighted, and was passing in. She was joined by several others, and they were about to seize the intruder, who, however, discovered the mistake, and flew off just in time.

"What was all that about?" asked Buz, as the fanner returned.

"A bee from some other hive was trying to get into ours," replied the fanner; "but she found out where she was just in time. If we had caught her, we should perhaps have stung her to death."

"How did you know she was a strange bee?" inquired Hum.

"We can tell at once, by touching or smelling a bee, whether she belongs to our hive or not; I don't pretend to explain exactly how it is, but we can."

This quite satisfied the young bees, who now became much interested in watching the workers arriving from every direction and alighting on the board.

proboscis (prō-bŏs′ sĭs): a hollow tube attached to the head or connected with the mouth of various animals. Here it is the tongue.—**antennæ** (ăn-tĕn′nē): movable organs of touch attached to the heads of various insects.—**traffic**: business.—**stifled** (stī′f′ld): choked for want of breath.

BUZ MAKES HER APPEARANCE

Part II

Some of the workers were laden with pollen, others had collected nothing but honey; and all, the instant they arrived, set off to run into the hive as fast as they could, without waiting to look round or gossip.

They certainly were very much in earnest; any one could see that at once. Some seemed very tired, and nearly fell back off the board when they alighted on the edge of it, and indeed could hardly crawl along with their booty.

"I know where that bee comes from," remarked the fanner, as one with peculiar colored pollen on her thighs passed in. "I know quite well."

"Do you?" said Buz. "How?"

"By the look, and by the smell, and—in fact, I do know; she comes from Cothelestone Hill. It's a beautiful place for bees, but rather a long way off."

"How I should like to go there!" exclaimed Buz.

"Gently, gently," said the fanner; "don't be in such a hurry."

"Indeed," added Buz, "I should like to try a short fly, now, this moment."

"You had better not to-day; your wings will feel stiff and cramped. Wait till you have had some food, and a night's rest, and then you'll do very well. You see, the danger is, that if you get below the level of the

board you may not be able to rise again; and if you have to spend the night on the cold ground, I wouldn't give much for your chance of swarming, I can tell you."

"What's swarming?" asked Hum.

"Oh, I can't explain now; it would take too long. You'll find out before the summer is over, I dare say."

At this moment a big raindrop came splash down on the board, close to Buz, and astonished her immensely. It was followed by another and another, and soon a heavy shower drove all the bees near at hand under shelter, and Buz and Hum entered the hive with them.

"What is happening?" asked Buz.

"They've upset the watering-pot somewhere," answered the fanner; "we never can find out exactly where they do it."

"Then how do you know it's a watering-pot?" inquired Hum.

"Sometimes," answered the bee, "when we are gathering honey in a bed of mignonette or other flowers, the gardener comes along with his watering-pot and upsets it over us, and then it feels so exactly like what's going on now, that we think it must be the same sort of thing, you know."

When the storm first began, a great many bees arrived from different directions, and crowded into the hive; and as those within were prevented from start-

ing afresh, and were standing near the entrance, impatiently waiting for the rain to stop, there was a great bustle, and some difficulty in moving. Buz, however, kept near her friend and the fanner, and said to the latter:

"No more bees are coming in now; have they all returned?"

"Oh dear, no," answered the fanner; "those who were too far off to get back before the worst of the storm have found shelter somewhere; but," she added, "they'll soon stop watering now."

"How do you know?" asked Buz.

"I can feel it," said the fanner. "Any bee, after a little experience, can tell; and when they are going to water for a long time we do not go out in such numbers, or so far, as we do before a mere sprinkle like this. Look! It's just over."

This was quite true, and presently the sun shone out brightly, and the raindrops flashed and sparkled, and a clean fresh smell came from the earth, and the flowers lifted up their heads and offered the sweets they contained to the busy, happy bees, who now left the hive in great numbers, and scattered themselves all over the kitchen garden in which their hive stood, and over the pleasant fields beyond.

"What fun!" exclaimed Hum, as they stood on the board again. "What fun to go out! Oh, how I long for to-morrow!"

Buz and the fanner looked at her with surprise. She seemed such a very quiet little bee, that they were hardly prepared to find she could become so enthusiastic.

"I can not bear to be idle," she continued; "I should like to fill a cell with honey, all by myself; to be of some use, you know, instead of standing and looking on while others work."

"A very proper feeling, my dear," said the fanner approvingly; "but you must remember that the great thing is to do your duty; and if your present duty is—as I tell you it is—to do nothing, why, you are working very well and profitably by just standing still and being nicely sunned, getting ready for to-morrow, don't you see?"

"Yes, I see," answered Hum, more contentedly.

"At the same time," continued the fanner, "there would be no harm in your trying to fan, if you would like to practice that; only stand well out of the way, and take care at first not to work too hard."

Hum, taking the permission without paying much attention to the caution, went to the side of the board and set to work, but so vigorously, that she turned herself completely over on her back, and would have lifted herself quite into the air if she had not clung very tightly to the board with her fore feet.

Buz was highly amused at this, and helped to set her right; and Hum, though exceedingly astonished,

and a little mortified at what had happened, set to work again at once, and in a very short time was really able to fan.

"That will be a useful bee," remarked the fanner to Buz, as Hum continued practicing.

"I'm sure she will," said Buz; "but all bees work, don't they? I shall, I know."

"Oh, yes; a lazy bee wouldn't do here at all. But there are different dispositions in bees all the same; for instance, some will think only of how many cells they can fill with honey, and will consequently never go far from the hive, so as not to lose time; others are more adventurous, go further afield, and try to get curious sorts of honey."

"I shall be one of that sort," said Buz; "I know I shall."

"Then again," continued the fanner, "some bees are good-tempered, and others are cross; for instance, I know one who won't let any person but the gardener come near the hive; if any one else does, she goes straight at him, to sting or to pretend to sting him; and I must say it is very amusing to see a person run. I say, do you feel hungry?"

Buz was rather astonished at the sudden manner in which this question was asked, but replied, "Why, yes, I think I do."

"Because it is about time," continued the fanner, "for you and Hum to go back to your cells; young

things ought never to be long without food. You will find the nurses somewhere about."

On their way into the hive Buz stopped, and said to the bee, who was still fanning away as hard as ever, "Will you tell us your name, please?"

"My name is 'Fan.'"

"What, because you fan?"

"Oh dear, no; certainly not! I don't always fan, you know; I only take my turn."

"I understand," said Buz; and away went the two young bees to find their nurses and get some food.

—Maurice Noel.

mortified: ashamed.—**swarming**: said of bees when they collect and depart from a hive.

NIGHT

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orb'd glory yonder Moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

—Robert Southey.

THE OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL

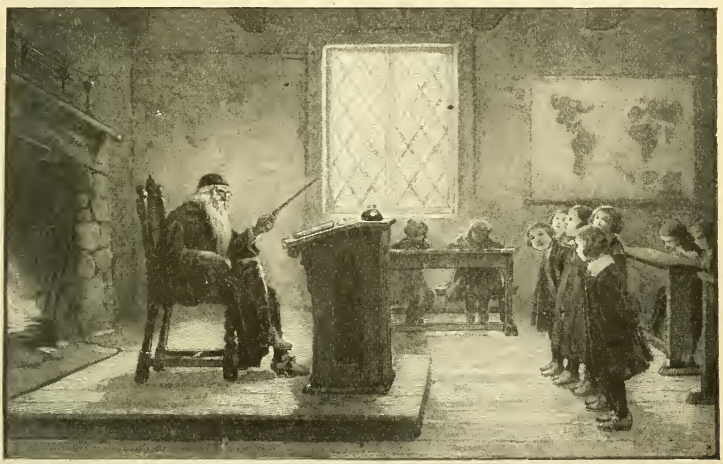
Now, imagine yourselves, my children, in Master Ezekiel Cheever's schoolroom. It is a large, dingy room, with a sanded floor, and is lighted by windows that turn on hinges and have little diamond-shaped panes of glass. The scholars sit on long benches, with desks before them. At one end of the room is a great fireplace, so very spacious that there is room enough for three or four boys to stand in each of the chimney corners. This was the good old fashion of fireplaces when there was wood enough in the forests to keep people warm without their digging into the bowels of the earth for coal.

It is a winter's day when we take our peep into the schoolroom. See what great logs of wood have been rolled into the fireplace, and what a broad, bright blaze goes leaping up the chimney! And every few minutes a vast cloud of smoke is puffed into the room, which sails slowly over the heads of the scholars, until it gradually settles upon the walls and ceiling. They are blackened with the smoke of many years already.

Next look at our old historic chair! It is placed, you perceive, in the most comfortable part of the room, where the generous glow of the fire is sufficiently felt without being too intensely hot. How stately the old chair looks, as if it remembered its many famous occu-

pants, but yet were conscious that a greater man is sitting in it now!

Do you see the venerable schoolmaster, severe in aspect, with a black skull cap on his head, like an ancient Puritan, and the snow of his white beard drift-



ing down to his very girdle? What boy would dare to play, or whisper, or even glance aside from his book, while Master Cheever is on the lookout behind his spectacles. For such offenders, if any such there be, a rod of birch is hanging over the fireplace, and a heavy ferule lies on the master's desk.

And now the school is begun. What a murmur of multitudinous tongues, like the whispering leaves of a wind-stirred oak, as the scholars con over their various tasks! Buzz! buzz! buzz! Amid just such a mur-

mur had Master Cheever spent above sixty years; and the long habit has made it as pleasant to him as the hum of a beehive when the insects are busy in the sunshine.

Now a class in Latin is called to recite. Forth step a row of queer-looking little fellows, wearing square-skirted coats and smallclothes, with buttons at the knees. They look like so many grandfathers in their second childhood. These lads are to be sent to Cambridge and educated for the learned professions. Old Master Cheever has lived so long, and has seen so many generations of schoolboys grow up to be men, that now he can almost prophesy what sort of a man each boy will be.

One urchin shall hereafter be a doctor, and administer pills and potions, and stalk gravely through life, perfumed with asafœtida. Another shall wrangle at the bar, and fight his way to wealth and honors, and, in his declining age, shall be a worshipful member of his Majesty's council. A third—and he is the master's favorite—shall be a worthy successor to the old Puritan ministers now in their graves; he shall preach with great unction and effect, and leave volumes of sermons, in print and manuscript, for the benefit of future generations.

Next comes a class in arithmetic. These boys are to be merchants, shopkeepers, and mechanics of a future period. Hitherto they have traded only in marbles and apples. Hereafter some will send vessels to

England for broadcloths and all sorts of manufactured wares, and to the West Indies for sugar, and rum, and coffee. Others will stand behind counters, and measure tape, and ribbon, and cambric by the yard. Others will upheave the blacksmith's hammer, or drive the plane over the carpenter's bench, or take the lapstone and the awl and learn the trade of shoemaking. Many will follow the sea, and become bold, rough sea-captains.

This class of boys, in short, must supply the world with those active, skillful hands, and clear, sagacious heads, without which the affairs of life would be thrown into confusion by the theories of studious and visionary men. Wherefore, teach them their multiplication table, good Master Cheever, and whip them well when they deserve it; for much of the country's welfare depends on these boys.

But, alas! while we have been thinking of other matters, Master Cheever's watchful eye has caught two boys at play. Now we shall see awful times. The two malefactors are summoned before the master's chair, wherein he sits with the terror of a judge upon his brow. Our old chair is now a judgment-seat. Ah, Master Cheever has taken down that terrible birch-rod! Short is the trial,—the sentence quickly passed, —and now the judge prepares to execute it in person. Thwack! thwack! thwack! In these good old times, a schoolmaster's blows were well laid on.

See, the birch-rod has lost several of its twigs, and will hardly serve for another execution. Mercy on us, what a bellowing the urchins make! My ears are almost deafened, though the clamor comes through the far length of a hundred and fifty years. There, go to your seats, poor boys; and do not cry, sweet little Alice, for they have ceased to feel the pain a long time since.

And thus the forenoon passes away. Now it is twelve o'clock. The master looks at his great silver watch, and then, with tiresome deliberation, puts the ferule into his desk. The little multitude await the word of dismissal with impatience.

"You are dismissed," says Master Cheever.

The boys retire, treading softly until they have passed the threshold; but, fairly out of the schoolroom, lo, what a joyous shout! what a scampering and trampling of feet! what a sense of recovered freedom expressed in the merry uproar of their voices! What care they for the ferule or the birch-rod now? Were boys created merely to study Latin and arithmetic? No; the better purposes of their being are to sport, to leap, to run, to shout, to slide upon the ice, to snowball.

Happy boys! Enjoy your playtime now, and come again to study and to feel the birch-rod and the ferule to-morrow; not till to-morrow; for to-day is Thursday lecture; and, ever since the settlement of Massachusetts, there has been no school on Thursday afternoons. Therefore sport, boys, while you may, for the

morrow cometh, with the birch-rod and the ferule; and after that another morrow with troubles of its own.

Now the master has set everything to rights, and is ready to go home to dinner. Yet he goes reluctantly. The old man has spent so much of his time in the smoky, noisy, buzzing schoolroom, that, when he has a holiday, he feels as if his place were lost and himself a stranger in the world. But forth he goes; and there stands our old chair, vacant and solitary, till good old Master Cheever resumes his seat in it to-morrow morning.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

our old historic chair: this story is one of a series that the same author has told about "grandfather's chair."—**ven'erable**: old and honorable.—**ferule** (fĕr' ĭl): a flat piece of wood.—**multitud'inous**: a great many.—**con over**: to study.—**smallclothes**: tight-fitting breeches that fasten at the knee, worn in olden times.—**admin'ister**: to apply or give.—**po'tions**: doses of liquid medicine.—**asafœtida** (ăs-ȧ-fĕt' ĭ-dȧ): the gum of a plant with a disagreeable smell, used as medicine.—**wrangle at the bar**: argue in court as a lawyer.—**unc'tion**: a quality in speaking which excites strong feeling, especially of devotion.—**sagacious** (sȧ gā' shŭs): wise.—**the'ories**: schemes or plans.—**malefactors** (măl-ē-făk' tērs): evil doers.—**reluc'tantly**: unwillingly.

WARREN'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale
On they come!—And will ye quail?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must; —
But, O, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell!

—John Pierpont.

des'pots: tyrants, unjust rulers.—**consigned'**: given over, intrusted.

THE BULB OF THE CRIMSON TULIP

Part I

The village of Newark lay dusty and dozing in the hot sunshine of an early summer day. In the church steeple the bell rang out three of the afternoon.

The broad highway was almost deserted, save for a flock of waddling ducks crossing toward the wayside brook, and an old man, with silvery-gray locks neatly tied in a queue, who leaned upon a garden gate and watched his opposite neighbor.

She was a little slip of a lass in a brown stuff dress and plain cap, kneeling, trowel in hand, beside a bed of tulips which glowed scarlet and yellow and white in the bright sunshine. Slowly, and with great care, she raised a beautiful crimson blossom from the mold and transplanted it to a flowerpot. Then, rising with the posy clasped in her arm, Margaret came down to the gateway and looked anxiously up the broad street of the Jersey town.

Grandpapa Davis nodded and smiled at her standing there, an erect, graceful little figure, with a look of thoughtful care upon her face. The shadows of the newly-leaved trees blotched and flickered upon the highway. Beyond lay the military green, with its long rows of elms arching over a pathway; and out of their shadowy distance appeared a gleam of scarlet, which proved to be a tall soldier walking slowly along, flour-

ishing his riding-whip. Grandpapa Davis and the little maid exchanged glances. His was one of deep anxiety; hers of questioning fear.

Both thought instantly of the evening before, when the roadway glimmered in faint starlight, and a wounded rider crept up in the fragrant May darkness to the cottage gate. There he was assisted from the horse by women's hands and disappeared within the cottage, bowered in its budding vines. Grandpapa recalled Margaret, standing in the candlelight of his kitchen, telling him her brother's story. The anxiety of a woman replaced the pretty roguish joking she was wont to exchange with him.

Mahlon Ross had ridden from Elizabethtown with a cipher of importance from Maxwell of that place to General Washington, lying at Morristown. While crossing the Salt Meadows his horse had thrown him; and he was able to go forward only to his home, where he arrived fainting in his saddle.

"Whom shall we trust to carry the papers onward?" Margaret had asked the old man.

"Ford Halsey of the mill," he answered promptly. "He is in York Town on business and will be back by the coach to-morrow noon. Ford rides like the wind and knows every byway as well as an Indian."

As Margaret watched the coming British soldier, she anxiously scanned the highway beyond him in the direction of the Halsey's mill, whither her mother had

ridden to interview Ford. No welcome figures of horse and rider appeared in the sunny loneliness of the broad highway. A robin whistled in the tree-top, the soldier lounged slowly along, and drowsy silence reigned.

Her grandmother's gentle old face, framed in its cap and kerchief, appeared above the blue half door.

"Margaret!" she called softly.

Margaret turned hastily.

"Dear heart," said the old woman, "it has just struck three. What keeps thy mother?"

The little maid shook her head.

"Old Dobs sleeps and dreams with mother on his back," she said. "Oh, I would that he felt my birching! If his lazy hoofs kept time to my heart-beats he would be here. Grandmother, is Mahlon safe, lying in the stable loft? I see a redcoat yonder."

"Tut!" cried the old woman, sharply. "Even the spring wind has ears in days like these! Be mindful of what thou sayest, my child!"

Then, seeing the flower, she exclaimed, "What art thou doing, lass? Why hast thou potted a tulip today?"

"'Twas promised to Cicely Halsey for this afternoon. 'Tis her birthday, and she admires this tulip. It is most beautiful of color. I thought later to ride to the mill to give it to her."

Her glance strayed from the blossom in her arms to the soldier crossing the road. Then with a thought

kindling in her face, she gave her grandmother a swift look and fled, without another word, around the corner of the house. Setting the tulip on the bench seat of the rear porch, she went on to the barn, where her sick brother lay concealed, and returned almost immediately with something clasped under her kerchief.

One pull, and the tulip came out of the pot, the mold scattering over the porch seat. Catching up a knife, she parted the bulb in halves and hollowed out the centers. In the bottom of the pot she placed a packet of paper drawn from her bosom, and within the hollowed bulb she hid the strip of precious cipher. With hands that lost no time, she repotted the cherished flower, cleared away the traces of her work, and stood looking down upon it regretfully.

"If any redcoat must have Mahlon's papers, I would rather it were thee," she said, stroking a satin petal of her tulip. "I did so hate to wound thee, I who nursed thee from a sprout!" And with a little childish quiver of the lips, she stooped and kissed the flower before entering the house.

The grandmother sat knitting.

"I like not that redcoat soldier sniffing our lilac bushes so closely," said Margaret. "I would mother were returned! But I have thought of a way to get the papers to Ford under the very nose of the redcoat, if need be—which God grant not! I fear there are other soldiers of his kind in the village."

The old lady sighed and shook her head. "War breeds old thoughts in young minds. 'Tis ill to judge the errand of a man by the color of his coat, lass. For the papers, I'll trust thy wit."

Margaret flitted restlessly from table to dresser. A small chicken, under her skilled fingers, was soon bubbling in the pot. A head of lettuce lay crisply piled on a dish, and out of the oven she drew a freshly baked loaf. With her back to the doorway, she did not see a shadow fall across the sanded brick, as the redcoat soldier, leaning his arms on the ledge of the half door, looked keenly about the little kitchen.

"Lass!" cried his hearty voice, thick with the Yorkshire accent, "thou seemest too busy even so much as to hear soldier boots crunching thy dooryard gravel —though I tried most manfully to steal a march on thee, I confess."

Margaret turned and faced him steadfastly, while the grandmother's knitting dropped to her lap at the first sound of his voice. Neither spoke. "Hast thou a well?" he continued. "I'm fain to drink! This road tramping is churlish business. And ye have churlish folk in this town. Faith, I've no opinion of their eyes and ears! General Knyphausen would better have sent one of his own Hessians instead of us; he had learned fully as much."

"Thou art from Yorkshire," said Grandmother Ross, mildly. "Since thou art thirsty, wouldst thou

drink a glass of elder wine and eat a slice of rice cake made after the fashion of the mother-land?"

"Why, now!"—the broad red face glowed with pleasure and astonishment—"that's the first civil word I have heard this day! Madam, I do assure you, that wakes the heart in me and makes me loath to take thy hospitality and do my soldier's errand here."

A flush of surprise almost matching the soldier's had swept over Margaret's face at her grandmother's words. But now she stepped forward courteously.

"Nay," she said, setting a rush-bottomed chair for him in the cool breeze of the doorway, "thou mayst taste my mother's wine, for thou art weary and a wayfarer. Later, if needs must, we can talk of war."

queue (kū): hair in the form of a pig tail.—**cipher** (sī′fẽr): a secret message written in a private alphabet or special characters.—**half door**: long ago house doors were made to open in two parts and the upper half was often left open.—**I'm fain**: I should like.—**loath**: unwilling.

THE BULB OF THE CRIMSON TULIP

Part II

The soldier dropped into the chair, with his clanking spurs rattling on the bricks, and drank thankfully the great draught of water Margaret dipped from the well-curb bucket and brought to him.

"Ah, that takes the blaze of the sun out of the blood!" he said. His face softened as he watched her prepare the cake and wine for him.

When she placed them before him, the grandmother said gently, "'Tis wine, sir, of the real English smack, being a recipe of my mother's; and I hope thou'lt like the cake."

"I like them well," he growled, as the spicy wine fell clearly into the glass, "but not to repay thee with saucy questions."

The old woman sighed softly. "Sir, if saucy questions be thy duty, do not shirk aught of it. Hospitality is a duty, too."

"I am looking for a lad who should have ridden by here on a roan horse last eventide."

"One of thine own men?" asked Margaret steadily, though with an effort.

The soldier stared at her.

"Beshrew me, no," he said, laughing. "Do we waylay our own messengers?"

"Then art thou not tapping at folly's gate to ask us to betray ours?" she returned.

He surveyed her slowly, from the white cap to the tiny buckled slippers, and said soberly, "Lass, all the folk of this town are not rebels; neither must an answer be always yea or nay to be useful."

While she set the plate and glass upon the dresser, he stared gloomily out into the sunshine.

"Hast thou kith or kin fighting against the king?" he asked.

"Yes," said Margaret, standing by her grandmoth-

er's chair; "my father and my brother. Sir, had I seen twenty horsemen riding by, thou knowest I would not tell thee!"

He looked sharply at her again under his bushy brows and shook his head.

"What if I tell thee I must search thy dwelling?" he said, scanning her face.

"My grandmother is old, and I am young. Our doors lie open to thee. Naught could hinder thee. Neither of us would ask thee not to. If that be thy present duty, follow it; yet it sets not well with thy question."

Margaret swung open the porch door, where the scarlet tulip drooped its head; and the soldier glanced past it, beyond the double rows of tasseled currant bushes, to the door of the little barn. A sound of hoof beats stopping in front directed his glance to the highway again.

Dame Ross slowly dismounted from Old Dobs at the horse block; and Margaret, looking out, said, "It is my mother." She glanced at her grandmother. "Mother has been to mill, sir," she volunteered to the soldier.

"Thou ridest thine own grist to mill, eh?" he said, with returning good humor. Then, as the dame put out her hand for the heavy sack, he suddenly strode down to the garden gate and, sweeping a low bow to the startled woman, said, "May I not put this on the kitchen floor for thee, or in the stable?"

Mrs. Ross turned herself to Dobs' bridle to hide the deadly whiteness of her face. The soldier stood there, smiling cheerfully.

"If thou wilt put the flour on the kitchen floor I will thank thee. It is much courtesy from a stranger. I knew not that my roof entertained a guest of thy coat," she said at length.

"Nay, I'm not of thy convictions," laughed the soldier, laying the sack upon his scarlet shoulder; "but my mother taught me courtesy to a woman ere the king taught me soldiering."

Margaret met her mother upon the threshold. "I am so glad thou art come," she said, mutely reading her face, as she laid her hand on her mother's bonnet strings to undo them. "I feared thou wouldst not return in time for me to go to Cicely's to drink birthday tea with her. Mother, our guest is a wayfaring soldier." She looked at him apologetically for this poor introduction.

The dame felt the scrutiny of a keen pair of eyes fixed upon her face.

"Madam," he said, "my errand is to ask a question. Hast thou seen a lad on a roan horse riding by thy doorway?"

"Which way should the lad have been riding?" asked the dame, tying on her house apron; "for, though the highway is a broad one, it leads as easily to Elizabethtown as to Morristown. Riders choose

both ways to do their galloping. Dost thou take us for Tories, to ask us such a question? I wonder at thee!"

The soldier laughed restlessly. "I was not built to prowl in cottage gardens," he said uneasily, picking up his whip from the floor.

Margaret had slipped out and tethered Old Dobs to the pear tree. Now she came in by the back porch door, calmly carrying her potted crimson tulip.

"Mother," she said, placing the flower upon the table and reaching for her straw bonnet, "'tis late to visit Cicely, but I think I will go, as I promised. I see shower caps rising out of the west, and I want to get the tulip there before the rain."

"'Tis a bonny flower," said the soldier, lifting the pot and sniffing the blossom. "Dost thou ride to a birthday feast?"

"Only to carry a token to a friend," she replied, looking up at him, standing there with the tulip in his arms.

The dame had assented to Margaret's request, and now sat down to her knitting. A waft of cool, scented, mountain air suddenly swayed the white curtain of a west window.

"I sniff a shower in that breeze," said Margaret. "Sir, I must go. Good day to you"; and she reached for her flower.

"Not so fast," he said, smiling upon her. "I must

go too. I shall seek no further in this town. My question seems like saying, 'Dilly, Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed.' Whither ridest thou, little hostess—north or south? If north, I beg to go with thee. My horse is tethered back of the church."

"I go north, sir," said Margaret, her eyes resting on the flower, which drooped now on the soldier's broad breast as he still retained it in his arms.

"North? That is well. Wilt thou point out the turn to the Bloomfield road?" And he followed her down the garden pathway.

"Gladly," said Margaret, as she mounted nimbly to Old Dobs' back. "'Tis only a bit beyond the mill road. Sir, I can carry my tulip now."

"Thou wilt not have a redcoat cavalier to bear it for thee, eh?" he said, laughing, as he delivered the precious pot into her outstretched hand.

Margaret grasped it, a wave of intense relief following the tension of uncertainty of the last few minutes. She pulled Dobs' bridle with a lighter heart, when a loud whinny in the little stable beyond suddenly broke the stillness.

The soldier turned his head and listened. In the swift action lay so shrewd a suspicion that the little heart beating behind the flowerpot stood almost still; but the serene look in Margaret's eyes never wavered.

"I fear we shall soon have a shower," she said, calmly meeting the soldier's gaze. "Dapple is whinnying, for he feels the thunder. Come, Dobs, thou must do thine errand briskly, if thou wouldst not have a wet skin."

She nodded to her mother and grandmother, and the soldier took a gallant leave of them; then together they disappeared up the road in a cloud of sifting golden dust.

roan (rōn): a horse having a brown color spotted with gray or white.—**grist**: grain or corn to be carried to the mill.—**scru'tiny**: a careful examination.—**teth'ered**: tied or fastened with a long rope or chain.—**tension**: strain.—**shrewd**: clever, wise.

THE BULB OF THE CRIMSON TULIP

Part III

The busy hoppers of the old mill hummed and sung in the afternoon stillness. Cicely Halsey had moved her flax wheel into the little arbor back in the mill garden, whence she could overlook the stable yard and Ford, who was sitting in a doorway, booted and spurred.

Suddenly up the road came Margaret riding Old Dobs, who was taking long, surprised strides, such as stirred in his dull brain certain memories of his youth. With flushed cheeks and shining eyes, Margaret ran up the garden path and, bursting into the little arbor, flung the tulip upon the table.

"Where is Ford?" she cried. "Will he ride, Cicely? Will he ride?"

"Will he ride?" said Cicely, in astonishment. "He has been booted and spurred this half hour and waits but the papers. Did not thy mother tell thee?"

Margaret shook her head and then, without a word, wrenched the tulip from the pot.

"Why, now!" exclaimed Cicely. "What art thou doing? That is my crimson tulip thou art tumbling from the pot! Is that the way——"

But Margaret was running stableward with the stalkless bulb and a packet in her hands, leaving Cicely

speechless with dismay, surveying the dying flower and the heap of dirt.

Ford, on receiving the papers, simply looked inside the bulb and, with a shrewd, intelligent nod to Margaret, slipped it into his pocket, mounted his horse, and rode away. Margaret swung the barred gate behind him and turned, to find Cicely at her elbow. A long, distant roll of thunder sounded in the west. A sudden gust of wind swept the garden and puffed fragrantly into Margaret's face. She turned quickly to Cicely.

"Thank God, Ford is gone!" she cried. "The English evidently have learned that a messenger was sent with important news to Morristown. More than likely they also know of Mahlon's hurt. A redcoat, looking, as I feared, for his hiding-place, came to the house this afternoon. I thought he would search the place, and so I hid the papers in thy flower, knowing I could get Grandpapa Davis to ride with them to thee, if worst came to worst.

"Now I fear their return to take my brother prisoner. They will if they find him. Nay, do not look so frightened, Cicely. I saved the papers, and I must save Mahlon. I saw a look in the soldier's eyes when Dapple whinnied! The very roan he was so keen to find! Thou seest I must hasten home, dear."

Dobs, wounded and puzzled at his mistress' heartless urging of his lazy old legs, almost galloped to the

home door, and the thunder rolled and muttered. A grayness had quenched the afternoon light, and the hush that preludes the storm lay over house and garden as Margaret entered the kitchen.

"Ford is well on the way, and the papers with him," she said, in answer to her mother's anguished glance. "The soldier did not ride off with the tulip. But I fear he will return. We must hide Mahlon in Grandpapa Davis' old sugar house, across the huckleberry swamp, and tie Dapple in the clearing. Rain or not, ill or not, Mahlon must go."

With the first big drops of the rain, the little train set out across the fields; and as it poured down faster and faster, all traces of Dapple's hoofs were washed from the dusty pathway they had taken. In an hour the sick lad was under cover, and the shower had passed.

The garden lay sweet and damp and dripping in the evening twilight; and Margaret was stooping to raise and bind back some storm-beaten sprays of a rosebush, when five redcoat horsemen drew rein at the gate.

Margaret dropped her hammer in the mold. Inside the doorway the grandmother never ceased her knitting, and upon the porch appeared the dame's quiet figure. The soldier of the afternoon came up the path, with his companions following him. In her first keen glance at him, Margaret saw how entirely

he had become simply an English soldier in discharge of his duty.

"I learn that the rider whom I seek lieth ill in this cottage," he said sternly. "Dame, I must search this dwelling."

"'Tis easy to war on women," she answered, sighing.

The soldier glanced at Margaret. "They shall do no more than is needful," he promised.

Margaret waited in the porch. She heard them clank their way across the kitchen floor. The rough soldier voices rose and fell; and then she heard her mother's quiet, clear tones. Both stalls in the stable were empty, for Dobs was out in the pasture with Grandpapa Davis' old roadster. The hay where Mahlon lay, Margaret's own arms had retossed. The fireflies began to twinkle in the garden ere the search was given up.

Then the soldiers rounded the house corner; and Margaret, sitting on the step, arose. The tall soldier stopped, while his companions strolled on to the gate, plucking flowers.

"I did not find thy brother," he said gravely, "and perchance thou knowest why. If his hurt was slight, no doubt he rides to Morristown. Thou art a brave little woman. Wilt thou bid me good-night?" He put out his hand, and Margaret took it heartily.

The dispatches were safely delivered by Ford's

hand to Washington as the General was about to journey to Springfield; and Mahlon, recovering, soon rode Dapple back to his post.

Three years later, Margaret stood beside her brother in New York City and watched the British troops leaving the country. Suddenly a soldier in the marching ranks caught sight of her sober little face, and his bright smile of recognition brought an answering flash from her.

It was the tall redcoat; and Margaret's friendly little hand waving to him as he left her shores gave token that kinship of heart had wiped out remembrance of that sharp peril which had rent in twain the bulb of the crimson tulip.

—Lillian Price.

preludes': comes before.—**roadster**: a horse that is accustomed to travel on the highroad.—**rent in twain**: split in two.

THE LAWS OF THE LAND

Let us suppose something very strange. We will suppose that some day the principal of the school should give notice that all the rules were suspended. Every one might do as he pleased for the whole morning; the pupils might get their lessons or not; they might recite or not; they might whisper and talk aloud; they might play games; they might make mischief if they

chose; they might, if they liked, injure the books and desks; the stronger or careless boys might hurt the little ones. What do you think would happen in that school?

It is possible that some of the boys would like such a school for a day or two. But they would soon become tired of it. No one could possibly learn anything; no one could even read story-books in peace; the noise would be dreadful; the teacher would not be of the slightest use; the schoolhouse would not be half so good a place to play in as the playground is. In fact, to suspend all the rules would be like stopping the school. The children would go home and say to their parents, "We do not want to go to that school any longer; we cannot learn anything there."

Or, perhaps the older and brighter boys by the end of the third day would come to the principal and say, "We wish that you would make a few rules for us."

"What rules shall I make?" the principal might say. "Will you vote to make some rules for yourselves?"

"Yes," the boys would answer, "very willingly. We will vote to have decent order in the schoolroom. We will vote to stop the talking and the play. We will vote to give every fellow a fair chance to study in quiet. We will vote to have recitations again and not to let any one interrupt the lessons with noise. We will vote not only that the teacher ought to be here

promptly on time when school begins, but that every one of us ought also to be in his seat. We will vote that, as long as we go to school, no one can be absent without some good reason."

"Very well," the principal might reply, "I like your rules. They are just as good as my rules are. Let us call them *our* rules, and let us first vote for them, and then let us all try to keep them."

We do not even like to guess what would happen if all the laws of the land were suspended for a single week. To be sure, most people would go on as before, and behave themselves perfectly well. But a very few mischievous people might make much costly trouble. What if half-crazy men should get drunk and go through the streets firing revolvers into the crowd? Or what if mischief-makers should set fire to buildings? No people that we have ever heard of have tried the experiment of living without any laws.

Where do our American laws come from? No great master or king makes them and forces us to keep them. No little committee of wise men tells us common people that we must do what they bid us. The laws are *our* laws. Some of them have come down from very ancient times. Our forefathers used them for hundreds of years. They seem so good and sacred that men have often reverently said that "God taught them to men." The law not to murder, the law not to steal, the laws to keep ourselves pure, the laws not

to injure our neighbors—these are the laws of intelligent and civilized men all over the world. We say that those who do not keep these grand and ancient laws are barbarians or savages.

Some of our laws have grown. There were new needs, and new laws had to be made to meet these needs. Thus, there were no laws about keeping the streets clean till men found out that filthy streets breed disease. There could have been no laws about clearing the sidewalks of dust or rubbish in the days, not so long ago, when men had no sidewalks in their cities. There were no laws about railroads till the age of steam came in.

All the laws, however they came, whether they are old or new, are *our* laws. They belong to all the people; they are for the sake of all of us, for the poor even more, if possible, than the rich. We vote for the laws; or we vote for the men who make them; or we vote for the government that carries out and enforces the laws.

If any law happens not to seem to all of us quite fair, we can petition, like the pupils in a school, to have that law altered and made right. We can go to work and persuade others to join us in getting that law changed. But as long as the majority of the people vote to retain the law, no one has any selfish right to suspend it and make disorder and trouble for all the rest.

Along the low banks of the Mississippi River they build great embankments, or levees, to keep the waters from overflowing the land and sweeping away the farmer's crops and his buildings. Our laws are like the vast levees that curb the water of the river. Our laws defend our homes, our lives, our property. Whoever breaks a law is like the man who cuts the levee and lets the water run through. The harm and the cost come upon all of us.

You see, good rules do not take away our liberty. When the school for a single day suspends all its rules, freedom is taken away. No one any longer can possibly read or study; everyone is forced to be disturbed. The rules restore liberty. It is not true liberty to be allowed to spoil the school. True liberty is to be free to enjoy the privileges of the school. It is liberty to be able in quiet to read, to write, to study, to recite lessons.

So in the city, it is liberty to be able to go about one's business and not to be disturbed by any one. It is liberty to be able to walk in the streets, without fear, by night as well as by day. It is liberty to be able to display goods in the shop windows without danger of being robbed. It is liberty to be able to travel across the continent to the Pacific Ocean, and to find protection wherever one goes. Our laws give us Americans this great liberty. The only demand made of us is that we obey the laws as we wish others to obey them.

Some laws are for our convenience. Thus, if we are driving in a carriage or riding a bicycle, there is a rule or law to turn to the right in meeting another vehicle. Suppose we had no law on our roads and one could go to the right or left as he liked. Do you not see at once how teams and riders would run into each other?

Sometimes careless people think that they can break the rule "just once," and turn the wrong way. Or they venture to ride on crowded streets faster than the law allows. Many bad accidents happen to innocent persons, when selfish or reckless men dare to break the laws which are for the safety and convenience of all of us.

The laws are like the tracks on which the car-wheels run. As long as the car keeps upon its track it will run swiftly and safely.

—Charles F. Dole.

suspend'ed: caused to cease for a time.—**major'ity**: more than half.

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us—
He made and loveth all.

—Samuel T. Coleridge.

MARCH

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands again,
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

—William Cullen Bryant.

INDIAN BOYHOOD

Part I

The Indian boy was a prince of the wilderness. He had but very little work to do during the period of his boyhood. His principal occupation was the practice of a few simple arts in warfare and the chase. Aside from this, he was master of his time.

Whatever was required of us boys was quickly performed: then the field was clear for our games and plays. There was always keen competition among us. We felt very much as our fathers did in hunting and war, each one strove to excel all the others.

It is true that our savage life was a dangerous one, and full of dreadful happenings; however, this never prevented us from enjoying our sports to the fullest extent. As we left our tepees in the morning, we were never sure that our scalps would not dangle from a pole in the afternoon!

It was an uncertain life, to be sure. Yet we observed that the fawns skipped and played happily while the gray wolves might be peeping forth from behind the hills, ready to tear them limb from limb.

Our sports were molded by the life and customs of our people; indeed, we practiced only what we expected to do when grown. Our games were feats with the bow and arrow, foot and pony races, wrestling, swimming, and imitation of the customs and habits of

our fathers. We had sham fights with mud balls and willow wands; we played lacrosse, made war upon bees, shot winter arrows (which were used only in that season), and coasted upon the ribs of animals and buffalo robes.

No sooner did the boys get together than, as a usual thing, they divided into squads and chose sides; then a leading arrow was shot at random into the air. Before it fell to the ground a volley from the bows of the players followed. Each boy was quick to note the direction and speed of the leading arrow and he tried to send his own at the same speed and at an equal height, so that when it fell it would be closer to the first than any of the others.

It was considered out of place to shoot by first sighting the object aimed at. This was usually unwise in actual life, because the object was almost always in motion, while the hunter himself was often upon the back of a pony at full gallop. Therefore, it was the offhand shot that we sought to master.

The races were an every-day occurrence. At noon the boys were usually gathered by some pleasant sheet of water and as soon as the ponies were watered they were allowed to graze for an hour or two, while the boys stripped for their noonday sports. A boy might say to some other whom he considered his equal:

"I can't run; but I will challenge you to fifty paces."

A former hero, when beaten, would often explain his defeat by saying: "I drank too much water."

Boys of all ages were paired for a "spin," and the little red men cheered on their favorites with spirit.

As soon as this was ended, the pony races followed. All the speedy ponies were picked out and riders chosen. If a boy declined to ride, there would be shouts of derision.

Last of all came the swimming. A little boy would hang to his pony's tail, while the latter, with only his head above water, glided sportively along. Finally the animals were driven into a fine field of grass and we turned our attention to other games.

Lacrosse was an older game and was confined entirely to the Sisseton and Santee Sioux. Shinny, such as is enjoyed by white boys on the ice, is still played on the open prairie by the western Sioux.

The "mud-and-willow" fight was rather a severe and dangerous sport. A lump of soft clay was stuck on the end of a limber and springy willow wand and thrown as boys throw apples from sticks, with considerable force. When there were fifty or a hundred players on each side the battle became warm; but any-

thing to arouse the bravery of Indian boys seemed to them good and wholesome play.

Wrestling was largely indulged in by us all. It may seem odd, but a great many boys took part at once, from ten to any number on a side. It was really a battle, in which each one chose his opponent. The rule was that if a boy sat down, he was let alone, but as long as he remained standing within the field, he was open to an attack. No one struck with the hand, but all manner of tripping with legs and feet and butting with the knees was allowed. Altogether it was an exhausting pastime, fully equal to the American game of football, and only the young athlete could really enjoy it.

One of our most curious sports was a war upon the nests of wild bees. We imagined ourselves about to make an attack upon the Ojibways or some tribal foe. We all painted and stole cautiously upon the nest; then, with a rush and warwhoop, sprang upon the object of our attack and endeavored to destroy it. But it seemed that the bees were always on the alert and never entirely surprised, for they always raised quite as many scalps as did their bold enemies! After the attack upon the nest was ended, we usually followed it by a pretended scalp dance.

On the occasion of my first experience in this mode of warfare, there were two other little boys who were also new to the game. One of them, particularly, was really too young to play. As it was the custom of our people, when they killed or wounded an enemy on the battle field, to announce the act in a loud voice, we did the same.

My friend, Little Wound (as I will call him, for I do not remember his name), being quite small, was unable to reach the nest until it had been well trampled upon and broken and the insects had made a counter charge with such vigor as to repulse and scatter our numbers in every direction. However, he evidently did not want to retreat without any honors; so he bravely jumped upon the nest and yelled:

"I, the brave Little Wound, to-day kill the only fierce enemy!"

Scarcely were the last words uttered when he screamed as if stabbed to the heart. One of his older companions shouted:

"Dive into the water! Run! Dive into the water!" for there was a lake near by. This advice he quickly obeyed.

When we had reassembled and were indulging in our mimic dance, Little Wound was not allowed to dance. He was considered not to be in existence—he had been killed by our enemies, the Bee tribe. Poor little fellow! His swollen face was sad and ashamed

as he sat on a fallen log and watched the dance. Although he might well have styled himself one of the noble dead who had died for their country, yet he was not unmindful that he had *screamed,* and this weakness would be apt to come back to his memory many times in the future.

Sioux: soo.—**feats**: acts, skillful deeds.—**lacrosse'**: a game of ball played with a long-handled racket.—**at random**: without aim.—**volley**: a flight of missiles—such as arrows, bullets, etc.—**deri'sion**: scorn, mockery.

INDIAN BOYHOOD

Part II

We had some quiet plays which we alternated with the more severe and warlike ones. Among them were throwing wands and snow-arrows. In the winter we coasted much. We had no toboggans, but six or seven of the long ribs of a buffalo, fastened together at the larger end, answered all practical purposes. Sometimes a strip of basswood bark, four feet long and about six inches wide, was used with considerable skill. We stood on one end and held the other, using the slippery inside of the bark for the outside, and thus coasting down long hills with remarkable speed.

The spinning of tops was one of the all-absorbing winter sports. We made our tops heart-shaped, of wood, horn, or bone. We whipped them with a long thong of buckskin. The handle was a stick about a

foot long, and sometimes we whittled the stick to make it spoon-shaped at one end.

Two to fifty boys at one time played games with these tops. Each whips his top until it hums; then one takes the lead and the rest follow in a sort of obstacle race. The top must spin all the way through. There were bars of snow over which we must pilot our top in the spoon end of our whip; then again we would toss it in the air on to another open spot of ice or smooth snow-crust from twenty to fifty paces away. The top that holds out the longest is the winner.

Sometimes we played "medicine dance." This, to us, was almost what "playing church" is among white children; but our people seemed to think it an act of irreverence to imitate these dances, therefore performances of this kind were always enjoyed in secret. We used to observe all the important ceremonies, and it required something of an actor to reproduce all the features of the dance. The real dances occupied a day and a night, and the program was long and varied, so that it was not easy to perform all the movements perfectly; but the Indian children are born imitators.

The boys built an arbor of pine boughs in some out-of-the-way place and at one end of it was a rude lodge. This was the medicine lodge or headquarters. All the initiates were there. At the further end or entrance were the doorkeepers or soldiers, as we called them. The members of each lodge entered in a body, standing

in single file and facing the headquarters. Each stretched out his right hand and a prayer was offered by the leader, after which they took the places assigned to them.

When the ceremonies were completed, our leader sounded the big drum and we all said "A-ho-ho-ho!" as a sort of amen. Then the choir began their song, and whenever they ended a verse we all said again "A-ho-ho-ho!" At last they struck up the chorus and we all got upon our feet and began to dance, by simply lifting up one foot and then the other, with a slight swing to the body.

Each boy was representing or imitating some one of the medicine men. We painted and decorated ourselves just as they did and carried bird or squirrel skins, or, occasionally, live birds and chipmunks as our medicine bags, and small white shells or pebbles for medicine charms.

Then the persons to be initiated were brought in and seated, with much ceremony, upon a blanket or buffalo robe. Directly in front of them the ground was leveled smooth, and here we laid an old pipe filled with dried leaves for tobacco. Around it we placed the variously colored feathers of the birds we had killed, and we burned cedar and sweet-grass for incense.

Finally, those of us who had been selected to perform this ceremony stretched out our arms at full

length, holding the sacred medicine bags and aiming them at the new members. After swinging them four times, we shot them suddenly forward, but did not let go. The initiates then fell forward on their faces as if dead. Quickly a chorus was struck up and we all joined in a lively dance around the supposed bodies. The girls covered them up with their blankets, thus burying the dead. At last we resurrected them with our charms and led them to their places among the audience. Then came the last general dance and the final feast.

I was often selected as choir-master on these occasions, for I had happened to learn many of the medicine songs and was quite an apt mimic. My grandmother, who was a noted medicine woman of the Turtle lodge, on hearing of these sacrilegious acts (as she called them) warned me that if any of the medicine men should discover them, they would punish me terribly by shriveling my limbs with slow disease.

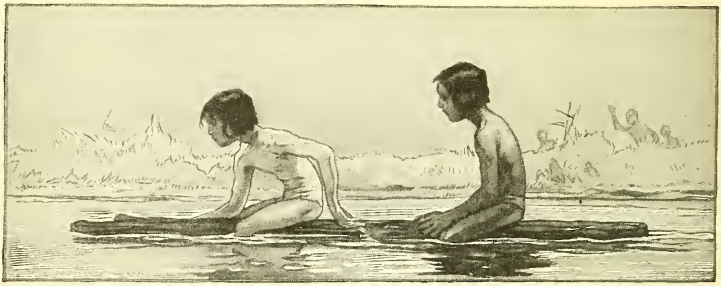
Occasionally, we also played "white man." Our knowledge of the pale-face was limited, but we had learned that he brought goods whenever he came and that our people exchanged furs for his merchandise. We also knew that his complexion was pale, that he had short hair on his head and long hair on his face and that he wore coat, trousers, and hat, and did not use blankets in the daytime. This was the picture we had formed of the white man.

So we painted two or three of our number with white clay and put on them birchen hats which we sewed up for the occasion; fastened pieces of fur to their chins for beards and altered their costumes as much as lay within our power. The white of the birch-bark was made to answer for their white shirts. Their merchandise consisted of sand for sugar, wild beans for coffee, dried leaves for tea, powdered earth for gunpowder, pebbles for bullets and clear water for the dangerous "spirit water." We traded for these goods with skins of squirrels, rabbits, and small birds.

When we played "hunting buffalo" we would send a few good runners off on the open prairie with a supply of meat; then a few equally swift boys started to chase them and capture the food. Once we were engaged in this sport when a real hunt by the men was in progress; yet we did not realize that it was so near until, in the midst of our play, we saw an immense buffalo coming at full speed directly toward us. Our mimic buffalo hunt turned into a very real buffalo scare. Fortunately, we were near the edge of the woods, and we soon disappeared among the leaves like a flock of young prairie-chickens. Some hid in the bushes while others took refuge in tall trees.

We loved to play in the water. When we had no ponies, we often had swimming matches of our own and sometimes made rafts with which we crossed lakes

and rivers. It was a common thing to "duck" a young or timid boy or to carry him into deep water to struggle as best he might



I remember a perilous ride with a companion on an unmanageable log, when we were both less than seven years old. The older boys had put us on this uncertain bark and pushed us out into the swift current of the river. I cannot speak for my comrade in distress, but I can say now that I would rather ride on a swift bronco any day than try to stay on and steady a short log in a river. I never knew how we managed to prevent a shipwreck on that voyage and to reach the shore.

We had many curious wild pets. There were young foxes, bears, wolves, raccoons, fawns, buffalo calves, and birds of all kinds, tamed by various boys. My pets were different at different times, but I particularly remember one. I once had a grizzly bear for a pet, and so far as he and I were concerned our relations were charming and very close. But I hardly

know whether he made more enemies for me or I for him. It was his habit to treat every boy unmercifully who injured me. He was despised for his conduct in my interest and I was hated for his interference.

—Charles A. Eastman.

al'ternated: performed in turn.—**irrev'erence**: lack of respect.—**initiates** (ĭn-ĭsh' ĭ-āts): those who are about to be initiated or introduced into a secret society.—**medicine dance**: dance performed by medicine men, who were men that were supposed to cure sickness, drive away evil spirits, regulate the weather, etc., by means of the arts of magic.—**Turtle lodge**: a family of Indians that had the turtle for its emblem.—**sacrilegious** (săk-rĭ-lē-jus'): dishonoring religion.

TWIN BABIES

These twin babies were black. They were black as coal. Indeed, they were blacker than coal, for they glistened in their oily blackness. They were young baby bears; and so exactly alike that no one could, in any way, tell the one from the other. And they were orphans. They had been found at the foot of a small cedar tree on the banks of the Sacramento River, near the now famous Soda Springs—found by a tow-headed boy who was very fond of bears and hunting.

But at the time the twin babies were found Soda Springs was only a wild camp, or way station, on the one and only trail that wound through the woods and up and down mountains for hundreds of miles, con-

necting the gold-fields of California with the pastoral settlements away to the north in Oregon.

But a railroad has now taken the place of that winding old pack-trail, and you can whisk through these wild and woody mountains, and away on down through Oregon and up through Washington, Montana, Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and on to Chicago without even once getting out of your car, if you like. Yet such a persistent ride is not probable, for fish, pheasants, deer, elk, and bear still abound here in their ancient haunts, and the temptation to get out and fish or hunt is too great to be resisted.

This place where the baby bears were found was first owned by three men, or, rather, by two men and a boy. One of the men was known as Mountain Joe. He had once been a guide in the service of General Frémont, but he was now a drunken fellow and spent most of his time at the trading-post, twenty miles down the river. He is now an old man, almost blind, and lives in Oregon City, on a pension as a soldier of the Mexican war. The other man's name was Sil Reese. He, also, is living and famously rich—as rich as he is stingy, and that is saying that he is very rich indeed.

The boy preferred the trees to the house, partly because it was more pleasant and partly because Sil Reese, who had a large nose and used it to talk with constantly, kept grumbling because the boy, who had been wounded in defending the ranch, was not able to

work—wash the dishes, make fires and so on, and help in a general and particular way about the so-called "Soda Springs Hotel." This Sil Reese was certainly a mean man, as has, perhaps, been set down in this story before.

The baby bears were found asleep, and alone. How they came to be there, and, above all, how they came to be left long enough alone by their mother for a feeble boy to rush forward at sight of them, catch them up in his arms, and escape with them, will always be a wonder. But this one thing is certain, you had about as well take up two rattlesnakes in your arms as two baby bears, and hope to get off unharmed, if the mother of the young bears is within a mile of you.

This boy, however, had not yet learned caution, and he probably was not born with much fear in his make-up. And then he was so lonesome, and this man Reese was so cruel and so cross, with his big nose like a sounding fog-horn, that the boy was glad to get even a bear to play with and to love.

They, so far from being frightened or cross, began to root around under his arms and against his breast, like little pigs, for something to eat. Possibly their mother had been killed by hunters, for they were nearly starved. When he got them home, how they did eat! This also made Sil Reese mad. For, although the boy, wounded as he was, managed to shoot down a deer not too far from the house almost every day, and

so kept the "hotel" in meat, still it made Reese miserable and envious to see the boy so happy with his woolly little friends. Reese was simply mean!

Before a month the little black boys began to walk erect, carry stick muskets, wear paper caps, march up and down before the door of the big log "hotel" like soldiers.

But the cutest trick they learned was that of waiting on the table. With little round caps and short white aprons, the little black boys would stand behind the long bench on which the guests sat at the pine board table and pretend to take orders with all the precision and solemnity of Southern negroes.

Of course, it is to be confessed that they often dropped things, especially if the least bit hot; but remember we had only tin plates and tin or iron dishes of all sorts, so that little damage was done if a dish did happen to fall and rattle down on the earthen floor.

Men came from far and near and often lingered all day to see these cunning and intelligent creatures perform.

About this time Mountain Joe fought a duel with another mountaineer down at the trading-post, and this duel, a bloodless and foolish affair, was all the talk. Why not have the little black fellows fight a duel also? They were surely civilized enough to fight now!

And so, with a very few days' training, they fought

a duel exactly like the one in which poor drunken old Mountain Joe was engaged; even to the detail of one of them suddenly dropping his stick gun and running away and falling headlong into a hole.

When Joe came home and saw this duel and saw what a fool he had made of himself, he was at first furiously angry. But it made him sober, and he kept sober for half a year. Meantime Reese was mad as ever—more mad, in fact, than ever before. For he could not endure to see the boy have any friends of any kind. Above all, he did not want Mountain Joe to stay at home or keep sober. He wanted to handle all the money and answer no questions. A drunken man and a boy he could bully suited him best. Ah, but this man Reese was a mean fellow, as has been said before.

As winter came on the two blacks were as fat as pigs and fully half grown. Their appetites increased daily, and so did the anger and envy of Mr. Sil Reese.

"They'll eat us out o' house and hum," said the big, towering nose one day, as the snow began to descend and close up the pack-trails. And then the stingy man proposed that the blacks should be made to hibernate, as others of their kind. There was a big, hollow log that had been sawed off in joints to make bee gums; and the stingy man insisted that they should be put in there with a tight head, and a pack of hay for a bed, and nailed up till spring in order to save provisions.

Soon there was an Indian outbreak. Some one from the ranch, or "hotel," must go with the company of volunteers that was forming down at the post for a winter campaign. Of course Reese would not go. He wanted Mountain Joe to go and get killed. But Joe was sober now, and he wanted to stay and watch Reese.

And that is how it came about that the two black baby bears were tumbled headlong into a big, black bee gum, or short, hollow log, on a heap of hay, and nailed up for the winter. The boy had to go to the war.

It was late in the spring when the boy, having neglected to get himself killed, to the great disgust of Mr. Sil Reese, rode down and went straight up to

the big black bee gum in the back yard. He put his ear to a knothole. Not a sound. He tethered his mule, came back and tried to shake the short, hollow log. Not a sound or sign or movement of any kind. Then he kicked the big black gum with all his might. Nothing. Rushing to the woodpile, he caught up an axe and in a moment had the whole end of the big gum caved in, and to his infinite delight, out rolled the twins!

But they were merely the ghosts of themselves. They had been kept in a month or more too long, and were now so weak and so lean that they could hardly stand on their feet.

"Kill 'em and put 'em out o' misery," said Reese, for run from him they really could not, and he came forward and kicked one of them flat down on its face as it was trying hard to stand on its four feet.

The boy had grown some; besides, he was just from the war and was now strong and well. He rushed up in front of Reese, and he must have looked unfriendly, for Sil Reese tried to smile, and at the same time he turned hastily to go into the house. And when he got fairly turned around, the boy kicked him precisely where he had kicked the bear. And he kicked him hard, so hard that he pitched forward on his face just as the bear had done. He got up quickly, but he did not look back. He seemed to have something to do in the house.

In a month the babies, big babies now, were sleek

and fat. It is amazing how these creatures will eat after a short nap of a few months, like that. And their cunning tricks now! And their kindness to their master! Ah! their glossy black coats and their brilliant black eyes!

And now three men came. Two of these men were Italians from San Francisco. The third man was also from that city, but he had an amazing big nose.

They took tremendous interest in the big black twins, and stayed all night and till late next day, seeing them perform.

"Seventy-five dollars," said one big nose to the other big nose, back in a corner where they thought the boy did not hear.

"One hundred and fifty. You see, I'll have to give my friends fifty each. Yes, it's true I've took care of 'em all winter, but I ain't mean, and I'll only keep fifty of it."

The boy, bursting with indignation, ran to Mountain Joe with what he had heard. But poor Joe had been sober for a long time, and his eyes fairly danced in delight at the thought of having fifty dollars in his own hand and the right to spend it down at the post.

And so the two Italians muzzled the big, pretty pets and led them kindly down the trail toward the city, where they were to perform in the streets, the man with the big nose following after the twins on a big white mule.

And what became of the big black twin babies? They are still performing, seem content and happy, sometimes in a circus, sometimes in a garden, sometimes in the street. They are great favorites and have never done harm to any one.

And what became of Sil Reese? Well, as said before, he still lives, is very rich and very miserable. He met the boy—the boy that was—on the street the other day and wanted to talk of old times. He told the boy he ought to write something about the old times and put him, Sil Reese, in it. He said, with that same old sounding nose and sickening smile, that he wanted the boy to be sure and put his name, Sil Reese, in it, so that he could show it to his friends. And the boy has done so.

The boy? You want to know what the boy is doing? Well, in about a second he will be signing his name to the bottom of this story about his twin babies.

—Joaquin Miller.

pas'toral: country.—**persist'ent**: continuing steadfastly.—**pen'sion**: a stated amount of money paid to a person at stated times in return for some past service.—**cau'tion**: care, watchfulness.—**hi'bernate**: to pass the winter in an inactive state.—**bee gum**: a hive for bees made in a hollow gum tree.—**took, ain't**: what should Sil Reese have said?

BELSHAZZAR

Belshazzar is king! Belshazzar is lord!
And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board:
Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, meats steam, and a flood
Of the wine that man loveth, runs redder than blood;
Wild dancers are there, and a riot of mirth,
And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth;
And the crowds all shout,
Till the vast roofs ring,—
"All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"

"Bring forth," cries the monarch, "the vessels of gold,
Which my father tore down from the temples of old;—
Bring forth, and we'll drink, while the trumpets are blown,
To the gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone;
Bring forth!" and before him the vessels all shine,
And he bows unto Baal, and drinks the dark wine;
Whilst the trumpets bray,
And the cymbals ring,—
"Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"

Now what cometh—look, look!—without menace, or call?
Who writes, with the lightning's bright hand, on the wall?

What pierceth the king like the point of a dart?
What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart?
"Chaldeans! Magicians! the letters expound!"
They are read—and Belshazzar is dead on the ground!
Hark!—the Persian is come
On a conqueror's wing;
And a Mede's on the throne of Belshazzar the king.

—Barry Cornwall.

ri'ot: tumult.—**Baal** (bā' ŭl): supreme god of the Canaanites.—**men'ace**: a threat.—**Chaldeans** (kăl-dē' ans): people who lived south of Babylon.—**expound**: explain.—**Persian**: the Persians of olden times were one of the tribes of the *Medes* or people who lived in Media.

THE CAVE MEN AND THEIR WEAPONS

If you should cross the broad ocean that lies toward the rising sun, you would come to a beautiful country called France. Here grow the olive, the orange, and the grape; and also the mulberry, on which the silk worm feeds. But it is not with these that we have to do to-day, but with some strange old things that once lay buried far below the soil in which they grow.

About seventy years ago, a man in that country who sold sand and gravel found that his own gravel pits were worked out. He went to the banks of a nearby river—the river Somme—and found a good

gravel bed, which he began to cut down and cart off to sell. He dug away at the hill for months and got far below the top of the ground. Then one day his spade struck something hard; he dug it out and saw that it was a very large bone.

"That is a queer bone," he said to himself. "I wonder to what animal it belonged. It is too big to have been the bone of horse or a cow. It is big enough to have belonged to an elephant. Well, no matter what it came from," he said, throwing it aside, "it is neither sand nor gravel, so it is nothing to me."

As he dug on, he threw out some rudely shaped stones. "These are queer, too," he said, "but they will not sell for gravel." And away went the stones from his shovel.

That evening a learned man from Paris, the most beautiful city of France, was walking beside the river and looking at the sunset clouds in sky and water.

There in the pit lay the big bones. He saw them. Forgotten were clouds and sky! He knew that he was looking at the bones of some animal long since gone from the earth! For years after that, he watched the work in the gravel pits and carried away any bones and shaped stones that were dug out. He studied them and found that some of the bones were those of the mammoth, and that there were bones of the rhinoceros, too.

At last he showed the bones and the stones to the

learned men in Paris, and said, "These stones are very old; they are as old as the ground in which they lay. They were shaped by men who knew very little and had very little, and who used them for weapons. Near the stone weapons were these bones of the mammoth and the rhinoceros. So those animals lived at the time the men did, and in this country."

The learned men listened, but did not believe what he said.

A few years after that, however—about twenty years—other shaped stones were found on the banks of the river that flows by the great city of London, in England, across the narrow water from France. And in Denmark, another country near France, still more shaped stones were found, and, with them, bones of the reindeer.

Then the learned men had to believe that men who shaped stones once lived in England and France and Denmark; and that at the same time lived the mammoth, the rhinoceros, and the reindeer; and that the men had very little and knew very little, and made the shaped stones for weapons.

Soon after this, chipped stones were found all the world over. More than that, there were people living who still were chipping them. The Eskimos, who live in the frozen north of our own country, make their weapons of stone.

So you see that by the Age of Stone is meant a time when the metals, tin and copper and iron, were not known; and when stone, horn, bone, shell, and wood were used for tools and weapons. The cave men were in the Stone Age long ago. The Eskimos are in the Stone Age now. And the American red men, though they were still in the Stone Age, were beginning to learn the use of one metal, copper.

And the people of the shell mounds—how do we know about them? In Denmark to-day you may see shell mounds. They are the old hunting and fishing villages. They are of different sizes; some are a quarter of a mile long and half as wide. They are built up of things that the hunters and fishermen threw away: oyster and mussel and periwinkle shells; bones of the wolf, the hyena, the dog; of wild duck, swan, and grouse; of cod, herring, flounder, and other deep-sea fish. Many of the bones had been split open for the purpose of extracting the marrow. Besides bones, there are also pieces of burnt wood; and there is a sea plant, which may have given salt.

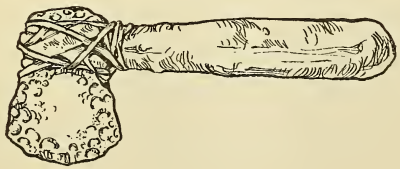
The stone tools and weapons found in the heaps are axes, knives, hammers, awls, lance heads, and sling

stones—all of rude make. There are also bits of rude pottery, which show that these men knew a little more than the cave men; they knew how to bake clay. They were ahead of the cave men also in having one tamed animal, the dog. No bones were found of any tamed animal except the dog, and this seems to show that it was the earliest animal tamed by man.

Mounds like those in Denmark are found in many other countries: in our own land where the red men lived; in Africa, the land of the black man; and in Asia, where the brown man lives. Wherever man has led a wandering life, eating fish and leaving their bones behind him, these heaps are found; and they are always by the sea or by a river.

—Margaret A. McIntyre.

măm'mŏth: an animal similar to the elephant, but much larger. It lived on the earth thousands of years ago.—**cave men**: at the time that mammoths lived on the earth, men lived in caves and had only stone implements. They wore the skins of animals and spent most of their time hunting.



THE TWO HERD-BOYS

Part I

When I was in Germany, several years ago, I spent a few weeks of the summer-time in a small town among the Thuringian Mountains. This is a range on the borders of Saxony, something like our Green Mountains in height and form, but much darker in color, on account of the thick forests of fir which cover them. I had visited this region several times before, and knew not only the roads but most of the footpaths, and had made some acquaintance with the people; so I felt quite at home among them, and was fond of taking long walks up to the ruins of castles on the peaks, or down into the wild, rocky dells between them.

One day, during my ramble, I came upon two smaller herds of cattle, each tended by a single boy. They were near each other, but not in the same pasture, for there was a deep hollow, or dell, between. Nevertheless they could plainly see each other, and even talk whenever they liked, by shouting a little.

As I came out of a thicket upon the clearing, on one side of the hollow, the herd-boy tending the cattle nearest to me was sitting upon the grass, and singing with all his might the German song commencing,

"Tra, ri, ro!
The summer's here, I know!"

His back was toward me, but I noticed that his elbows were moving very rapidly. Curious to learn what he was doing, I slipped quietly around some bushes to a point where I could see him distinctly, and found that he was knitting a woolen stocking. Presently he lifted his head, looked across the opposite pasture, and cried out, "Hans! the cows!"

I looked also, and saw another boy of about the same age start up and run after his cattle, the last one of which was entering the forest. Then the boy near me gave a glance at his own cattle, which were quietly grazing on the slope, a little below him, and went on with his knitting. As I approached, he heard my steps and turned toward me, a little startled at first; but he was probably accustomed to seeing strangers, for I soon prevailed upon him to tell me his name and age. He was called Otto, and was twelve years old; his father was a woodcutter, and his mother spun and bleached linen.

"And how much," I asked him, "do you get for taking care of the cattle?"

"I am to have five thalers" (about four dollars), he answered, "for the whole summer; but it doesn't go to me—it's for father. But then I make a good many groschen by knitting, and that's for my winter clothes. Last year I could buy a coat, and this year I want to get enough for trousers and new shoes. Since the cattle know me so well, I have only to talk

and they mind me; and that, you see, gives me plenty of time to knit."

"I see," I said; "it's a very good arrangement. I suppose the cattle over on the other pasture don't know their boy? He has not got them all out of the woods, yet."

"Yes, they know him," said Otto, "and that's the reason they slip away. But the cattle mind some persons better than others; I've seen that much."

Here he stopped talking, and commenced knitting again. I watched him awhile, as he rapidly and evenly rattled off the stitches. He evidently wanted to make the most of his time. Then I again looked across the hollow, where Hans, the other boy, had at last collected his cows. He stood on the top of a rock, flinging stones down the steep slope. When he had no more, he stuck his hands in his pockets and whistled loudly, to draw Otto's attention; but the latter pretended not to hear. Then I left them; for the shadow of the mountain behind me was beginning to creep up the other side of the valley.

A few days afterwards I went up to the pasture again, and came, by chance, to the head of the little dell dividing the two herds. I had been wandering in the fir-forest, and reached the place unexpectedly. There was a pleasant view from the spot, and I seated myself in the shade, to rest and enjoy it. The first

object which attracted my attention was Otto, knitting as usual, beside his herd of cows.

Then I turned to the other side to discover what Hans was doing. His cattle, this time, were not straying; but neither did he appear to be minding them in the least. He was walking backward and forward on the mountainside, with his eyes fixed upon the ground. Sometimes, where the top of a rock projected from the soil, he would lean over it, and look along it from one end to the other, as if he were trying to measure its size, then he would walk on, pull a blue flower, and then a yellow one, look at them sharply, and throw them away.

"What is he after?" I said to myself. "Has he lost something, and is he trying to find it? or are his thoughts so busy with something else that he doesn't really know what he is about?"

I watched him for nearly half an hour, at the end of which time he seemed to get tired, for he gave up looking about and sat down in the grass. The cattle were no doubt acquainted with his ways; it is astonishing how much intelligence they have! And they immediately began to move toward the forest, and would have wandered away, if I had not headed them off and driven them back. Then I followed them, much to the surprise of Hans, who had been aroused by the noise of their bells as they ran from me.

"You don't keep a very good watch, my boy!" I said.

As he made no answer, I asked, "Have you lost anything?"

"No," he then said.

"What have you been hunting so long?"

He looked confused, turned away his head, and muttered, "Nothing."

This made me sure he had been hunting something, and I felt a little curiosity to know what it was. But although I asked him again, and offered to help him hunt it, he would tell me nothing. He had a restless and rather unhappy look, quite different from the bright, cheerful eyes and the pleasant countenance of Otto.

His father, he said, worked in a mill below the town, and got good wages; so he was allowed half the pay for tending the cattle during the summer.

"What will you do with the money?" I asked.

"Oh, I'll soon spend it," he said. "I could spend a hundred times that much, if I had it."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "No doubt it's all the better that you haven't it."

He did not seem to like this remark, and was afterwards disinclined to talk; so I left him and went over to Otto, who was as busy and cheerful as ever.

"Otto," said I, "do you know what Hans is hunting all over the pasture? Has he lost anything?"

"No," Otto answered; "he has not lost anything, and I don't believe he will find anything, either. Because, even if it is all true, they say you never come across it when you look for it, but it just shows itself all at once, when you're not expecting it."

"What is it, then?" I asked.

Otto looked at me a moment, and seemed to hesitate. He appeared also to be a little surprised; but probably he reflected that I was a stranger, and could not be expected to know everything, for he finally asked, "Don't you know, sir, what the shepherd found, somewhere about here, a great many hundred years ago?"

"No," I answered.

"Not the key-flower?"

Then I did know what he meant, and understood the whole matter in a moment. But I wanted to know what Otto had heard of the story, and therefore said to him, "I wish you would tell me."

Thuringian: thū-rĭn′ jĭ-*an*.—**Sax′ony**: a division of Germany.—**thalers** (tä′ lērs): silver coins used in Germany, worth about seventy-three cents each.—**groschen** (grŏsh′ *en*): small silver coins once used in Germany, worth about two cents each.

THE TWO HERD-BOYS

Part II

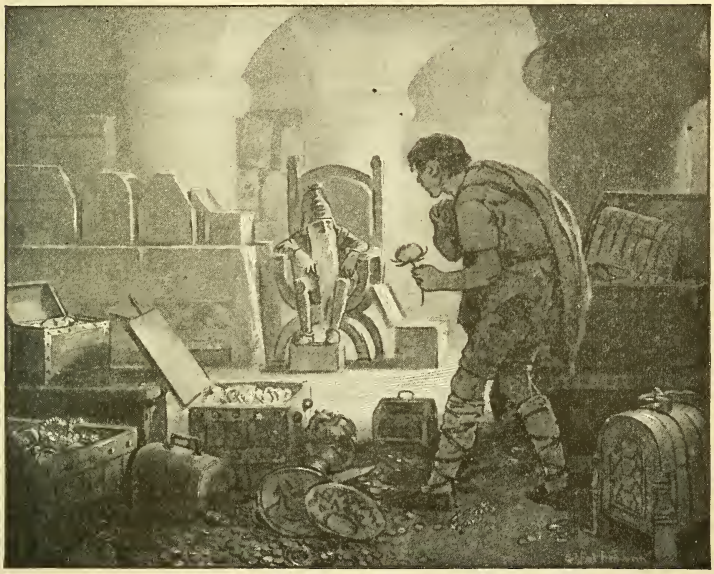
"Well," he began, "some say it was true, and some that it wasn't. At any rate, it was a long, long while ago, and there's no telling how much to believe. My grandmother told me; but then she didn't know the man; she only had heard about him from her grandmother. He was a shepherd, and used to tend his sheep on the mountain—or may be it was cows, I'm not sure—in some place where there were a great many kobolds and fairies.

"And so it went on from year to year. He was a poor man, but very cheerful, and always singing and making merry; but sometimes he would wish to have a little more money, so that he need not be obliged to go up to the pastures in the cold, foggy weather. That wasn't much wonder, sir, for it's cold enough up here, some days.

"It was in summer, and the flowers were all in blossom, and he was walking along after his sheep, when all at once he saw a wonderful sky-blue flower of a kind he had never seen before in all his life. Some people say it was sky-blue, and some that it was golden-yellow; I don't know which is right. Well, however it was, there was the wonderful flower, as large as your hand, growing in the grass. The shepherd stooped down and broke the stem; but just as he was lifting

up the flower to examine it, he saw that there was a door in the side of the mountain.

"Now he had been over the ground a hundred times before, and had never seen anything of the kind. Yet



it was a real door, and it was open, and there was a passage into the earth. He looked into it for a long time, and at last plucked up heart and in he went. After forty or fifty steps, he found himself in a large hall, full of chests of gold and diamonds. There was an old kobold, with a white beard, sitting in a chair beside a large table in the middle of the hall. The shepherd was at first frightened, but the kobold looked at

him with a friendly face, and said, 'Take what you want, and don't forget the best!'

"So the shepherd laid the flower on the table, and went to work and filled his pockets with the gold and diamonds. When he had as much as he could carry, the kobold said again, 'Don't forget the best!' 'That I won't,' the shepherd thought to himself, and took more gold and the biggest diamonds he could find, and filled his hat, so that he could scarcely stagger under the load. He was leaving the hall, when the kobold cried out, 'Don't forget the best!' But he couldn't carry any more, and went on, never minding. When he reached the door in the mountainside, he heard the voice again, for the last time, 'Don't forget the best!'

"The next minute he was out on the pasture. When he looked around, the door had disappeared: his pockets and hat grew light all at once, and instead of gold and diamonds he found nothing but dry leaves and pebbles. He was as poor as ever, and all because he had forgotten the best.

"Now, sir, do you know what the best was? Why, it was the flower, which he had left on the table in the kobold's hall. That was the key-flower. When you find it and pull it, the door is opened to all the treasures under ground. If the shepherd had kept it, the gold and diamonds would have stayed so; and, besides, the door would have been always opened to him, and he could then help himself whenever he wished."

Otto had told the story very correctly, just as I had heard it told by some of the people before. "Did you ever look for the key-flower?" I asked him.

He grew a little red in the face, then laughed, and answered: "Oh, that was the first summer I tended the cattle, and I soon got tired of it. But I guess the flower doesn't grow any more, now."

"How long has Hans been looking for it?"

"He looks every day," said Otto, "when he gets tired doing nothing. But I shouldn't wonder if he was thinking about it all the time, or he'd look after his cattle better than he does."

As I walked down the mountain that afternoon I thought a great deal about these two herd-boys and the story of the key-flower. Up to this time the story had only seemed to me to be a curious and beautiful fairy-tale; but now I began to think it might mean something more. Here was Hans, neglecting his cows, and making himself restless and unhappy, in the hope of some day finding the key-flower; while Otto, who remembered that it can't be found by hunting for it, was attentive to his task, always earning a little, and always contented.

Therefore, the next time I walked up to the pastures, I went straight to Hans. "Have you found the key-flower yet?" I asked.

There was a curious expression upon his face. He appeared to be partly ashamed of what he must now

and then have suspected to be a folly, and partly anxious to know if I could tell him where the flower grew.

"See here, Hans," said I, seating myself upon a rock, "don't you know that those who hunt for it never find it? Of course you have not found it, and you never will, in this way. But even if you should, you are so anxious for the gold and diamonds that you would be sure to forget the best, just as the shepherd did, and would find nothing but leaves and pebbles in your pockets."

"Oh, no!" he exclaimed; "that's just what I wouldn't do."

"Why, don't you forget your work every day?" I asked. "You are forgetting the best all the time—I mean the best that you have at present. Now, I believe there is a key-flower growing on these very mountains; and, what is more, Otto has found it!"

He looked at me in astonishment.

"Don't you see," I continued, "how happy and contented he is all day long? He does not work as hard at his knitting as you do in hunting for the flower; and although you get half your summer's wages, and he nothing, he will be richer than you in the fall. He will have a small piece of gold, and it won't change into a leaf. Besides, when a boy is contented and happy he has gold and diamonds. Would you rather be rich and miserable, or poor and happy?"

This was a subject upon which Hans had evidently not reflected. He looked puzzled. He was so accustomed to think that money embraced everything else that was desirable, that he could not imagine it possible for a rich man to be miserable. But I told him of some rich men whom I knew, and of others of whom I had heard, and at last bade him think of the prosperous brewer in the town below, who had so much trouble in his family, and who walked the streets with his head hanging down.

I saw that Hans was not a bad boy; he was simply restless, impatient, and perhaps a little inclined to envy those in better circumstances. This lonely life on the mountains was not good for a boy of his nature, and I knew it would be difficult for him to change his habits of thinking and wishing. But, after a long talk, he promised me he would try, and that was as much as I expected.

Now, you may want to know whether he did try; and I am sorry that I cannot tell you. I left the place soon afterwards, and have never been there since. Let us all hope, however, that he found the real key-flower.

—Bayard Taylor.

kobold: a kind of fairy—a brownie.

THE OLIVE TREE

Said an ancient hermit, bending
Half in prayer upon his knee,
"Oil I need for midnight watching,
I desire an olive tree."

Then he took a tender sapling,
Planted it before his cave,
Spread his trembling hands above it,
As his benison he gave.

But, he thought, the rain it needeth,
That the root may drink and swell;
"God! I pray Thee send Thy showers!"
So a gentle shower fell.

"Lord, I ask for beams of summer,
Cherishing this little child."
Then the dripping clouds divided,
And the sun looked down and smiled.

"Send it frost to brace its tissues,
O my God!" the hermit cried.
Then the plant was bright and hoary,
But at evensong it died.

Went the hermit to a brother
Sitting in his rocky cell:

"Thou an olive tree possessest;
How is this, my brother, tell?

"I have planted one, and prayed,
Now for sunshine, now for rain;
God hath granted each petition,
Yet my olive tree hath slain!"

Said the other, "I entrusted
To its God my little tree;
He who made knew what it needed,
Better than a man like me.

"Laid I on Him no condition,
Fixed no ways and means; so I
Wonder not my olive thriveth,
Whilst thy olive tree did die."

—Sabine Baring-Gould.

hermit: a person who lives far away from other people, usually in some cave, and spends his time in prayer.—**sapling**: a young tree.—**benison** (bĕn' ĭ-z'n): blessing.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS

"Do not speak to the man at the wheel" is printed on the wheelhouse of many seagoing steamers. Why must we not speak to the man at the wheel?

Because, during his two-hours' turn, his attention ought to be fixed upon his compass. Let him turn to

a passenger to answer a question, and the vessel will depart slightly from her course. Time will be lost, force will be wasted, and the steersman will hear a short, sharp word from the officer of the deck, calling him back to his duty.

The compass is the very eye of the ship. It is the compass that enables the captain to shoot his arrowy steamer over the trackless Atlantic in less than a week, through fog, darkness, and storm, without swerving from his course.

Man possesses few instruments more valuable than this, and yet no one knows who invented it. If we ask the Chinese, the people who invented so many useful things, they point to some obscure passages in their ancient books, which do not prove their claim. If the Chinese had the compass, why did they not use it? From time immemorial their lumbering junks hugged the shore, and rarely ventured farther out to sea than Japan, which is only a few miles from the coast of Asia.

If we ask the Greeks, we begin to get a little light on the subject, for the Greeks at least knew something of the attractive power of the magnet.

They tell us in their mythological way, that a shepherd named Magnes, while pasturing his flock upon Mount Ida, found one day that the iron at the end of his staff adhered to the ground, as did the nails upon his shoes. He picked up some of the dark-colored

stones under his feet, and brought them home with him, and thus gave to mankind a knowledge of the magnet, which was named after him.

The Greeks were great story-tellers. They had their legends about everything, and this about Magnes is one of them, from which we can at least learn that they were acquainted with the magnet's power of attraction; but they knew nothing of that valuable quality which it imparts to the needle of the compass. They knew no method of steering vessels in the open sea except by the stars, the flight of birds, and glimpses of the distant headlands.

Nor did the Romans. The Roman writers were lost in wonder at the magnet's attractive power, but there their knowledge of it ended.

It was at some time near the end of the twelfth century of the Christian era that the mysterious power of the magnet upon the needle became known to a few of the learned men of Europe. Probably the knowledge of it was brought to them by the crusaders returning from the Holy Land, and there is much reason to believe that this power of the magnet was first observed by the Arabs, an ingenious race and the most skillful travelers in the Middle Ages, whether on land or sea.

The crusaders began to return home in numbers about A.D. 1100, and the knowledge of the magnetic needle gradually spread over the north of Europe.

The bold Norwegians seem to have been the first to use the needle in navigating the sea.

In the year 1258 a learned Italian, named Brunetto Latini, traveled in England, and visited at Oxford Roger Bacon, a man devoted to the pursuit of science.

Latini wrote letters home to his friends, in one of which he says that Bacon showed him, among other things, "a black, ugly stone called a magnet, which has the surprising property of drawing iron to it, and upon which if a needle be rubbed and afterwards fastened to a straw, so that it shall swim upon water, the needle will instantly turn toward the pole star; so that, be the night ever so dark, neither moon nor star visible, yet shall the mariner be able, by the help of this needle, to steer his vessel aright."

Here we have the fact plainly stated, as it had been known to a few persons in England and France for many years. Roger Bacon imparted this knowledge to the Italian traveler as a dreadful secret, perilous to disclose to the common people, and still more perilous to make known to the ordinary priests of that superstitious age.

"This discovery," continues Latini, "which appears useful in so great a degree to all who travel by sea, must remain concealed until other times; because no master mariner dares to use it, lest he should fall under the supposition of being a magician; nor would even the sailors venture themselves out to sea under

his command, if he took with him an instrument which carries so great an appearance of being constructed under the influence of some evil spirit.

These two learned men conversed upon this wondrous quality of the magnet, and they looked forward to some happier time, when men should be more enlightened and not afraid to make researches in natural science.

Neither Bacon nor Latini lived to see that better time for which they hoped. When they had been dead a hundred and fifty years the Portuguese, under Prince Henry the Navigator, were using the compass in their voyages down the African coast. In a few years the Madeiras and the other Atlantic groups of islands were discovered by its assistance.

The Cape of Good Hope was rounded, and India reached by sea. One of the mariners formed in the school of Prince Henry was a man destined to put the compass to the great use of discovering a new world.

Seamen did not long employ so awkward an instrument as a needle floating in a straw in a basin of water. About the year 1360 an Italian navigator constructed a compass such as we now commonly have, a needle mounted upon a pivot and inclosed in a box.

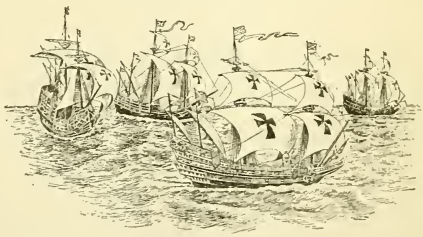
These were admirable improvements, and made such an impression that the improver is frequently spoken of as the inventor of the compass. The true

inventor was the unknown man who first observed that a needle, rubbed by the magnet, has an inclination to point to the north.

One curious fact remains to be mentioned. The modern compasses, those used in the naval service of Europe and America, as well as by the Atlantic steamships, resemble in principle the needle and floating straw mentioned by Roger Bacon. Ritchie's "liquid compass" has the needle inclosed in a thin round metal case, air-tight, which floats upon liquid and has also the support of a pivot. The needle, being upheld by the liquid, can be heavier, and thus have a more powerful directing force.

—James Parton.

swerv'ing: departing from a straight line. **obscure'**: not clear.—**junks**: large boats without keels and having heavy masts in one piece, used by the Chinese and Japanese.—**adhered'**: stuck fast.—**Christian e'ra**: the period of time that began with the birth of Christ.—**crusa'ders**: men who went on expeditions several hundreds of years ago to recover the Holy Land from the un-Christian people who held it.—**ingen'ious**: skillful to invent.—**Brunetto Latini**: brụ-nĕt'tō lă-tē'nē.—**research'es**: laborious searchings after truths, especially scientific truths.—**Madeiras**: mà-dē'ràs.



THE COMING OF ARTHUR

Long years ago, there ruled over Britain a king called Uther Pendragon. A mighty prince was he, and feared by all men; yet, when he sought the love of the fair Igraine of Cornwall, she would have naught to do with him, so that, from grief and disappointment, Uther fell sick, and at last seemed likely to die.

Now in those days, there lived a famous magician named Merlin, so powerful that he could change his form at will, or even make himself invisible; nor was there any place so distant but that he could reach it at once, merely by wishing himself there. One day, suddenly, he stood at Uther's bedside, and said:

"Sir King, I know thy grief, and am ready to help thee. Only promise to give me, at his birth, the son that shall be born to thee, and thou shalt have thy heart's desire."

To this the king agreed joyfully, and Merlin kept his word: for he gave Uther the appearance of one whom Igraine had loved dearly, and so she took him willingly for her husband.

When the time had come that a child should be born to the King and Queen, Merlin appeared before Uther to remind him of his promise; and Uther swore it should be as he had said. Three days later, a prince was born and, with pomp and ceremony, was christened by the name of Arthur; but immediately

thereafter, the King commanded that the little child should be carried to the postern-gate, there to be given to the old man who would be found waiting without.

Not long after, Uther fell sick, and he knew that his end was come; so, by Merlin's advice, he called together his knights and barons and said to them: "My death draws near. I charge you, therefore, that ye obey my son even as ye have obeyed me; and my curse upon him if he claim not the crown when he is a man grown." Then the King turned his face to the wall and died.

Scarcely was Uther laid in his grave before disputes arose. Few of the nobles had seen Arthur or even heard of him, and not one of them would have been willing to be ruled by a child; rather, each thought himself fitted to be king, and, strengthening his own castle, made war on his neighbors until there was great confusion, and the poor groaned because there was none to help them.

Now when Merlin carried away Arthur, for Merlin was the old man who had stood at the postern-gate, he had known all that would happen, and had taken the child to keep him safe from the fierce barons until he should be of age to rule wisely and well, and perform all the wonders prophesied of him. He gave the child to the care of the good knight Sir Ector to bring up with his son Kay, but revealed not to him that it

was the son of Uther Pendragon that was given into his charge.

At last, when years had passed and Arthur was grown to be a tall youth well skilled in knightly exercises, Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury and advised him that he should call together at Christmas-time all the chief men of the kingdom to the great cathedral in London. "For," said Merlin, "there shall be seen a great marvel by which it shall be made very clear to all men who is the lawful King of this land."

The Archbishop did as Merlin counseled. He bade barons and knights come to London to keep the feast, and to pray heaven to send peace to the kingdom.

The people hastened to obey the Archbishop's commands and, from all sides, barons and knights came riding in to keep the birth-feast of our Lord. And when they had prayed, and were coming forth from the cathedral, they saw a strange sight. There, in the open space before the church, stood on a large stone an anvil through which was thrust a great sword; and on the stone were written these words: "Whoso can draw forth this sword is rightful King of Britain born."

At once there were fierce quarrels, each man demanding to be the first to try his fortune, none doubting his own success. Then the Archbishop decreed that each should make the trial in turn, from the greatest

baron to the least knight; and each in turn, having put forth his utmost strength, failed to move the sword one inch, and drew back ashamed.

So the Archbishop dismissed the company, and having appointed guards to watch over the stone, sent messengers through all the land to give word of great jousts to be held in London at Easter, when each knight could give proof of his skill and courage, and try whether the adventure of the sword was for him.

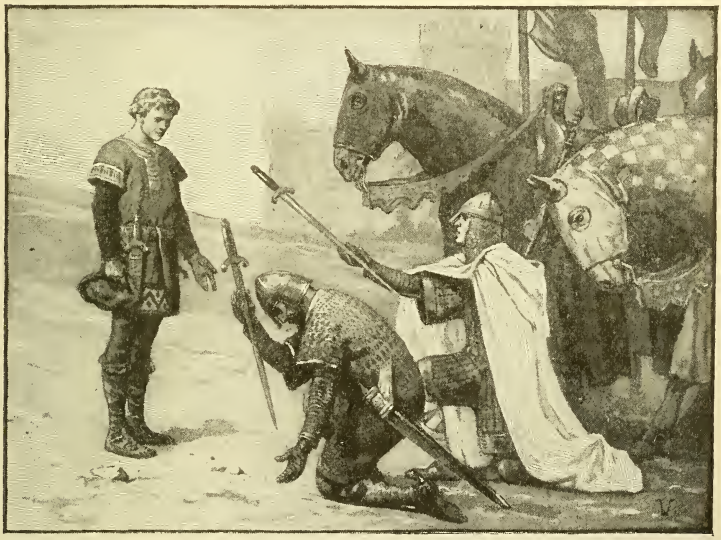
Among those who rode to London at Easter was the good Sir Ector, and with him his son, Sir Kay, newly made a knight, and the young Arthur. When the morning came that the jousts should begin, Sir Kay and Arthur mounted their horses and set out for the lists; but before they reached the field, Kay looked and saw that he had left his sword behind.

Immediately Arthur turned back to fetch it for him, only to find the house fast shut, for all were gone to view the tournament. Sore vexed was Arthur, fearing lest his brother Kay should lose his chance of gaining glory, till, of a sudden, he bethought him of the sword in the great anvil before the cathedral.

Thither he rode with all speed, and the guards having deserted their posts to view the tournament, there was none to forbid him the adventure. He leaped from his horse, seized the hilt, and instantly drew forth the sword as easily as from a scabbard; then, mounting his horse and thinking it nothing strange

that he had done, he rode after his brother and handed him the weapon.

When Kay looked at it, he saw at once that it was the wondrous sword from the stone. In great joy he



sought his father, and showing it to him, said: "Then must I be King of Britain."

But Sir Ector bade him say how he came by the sword, and when Sir Kay told how Arthur had brought it to him, Sir Ector bent his knee to the boy and said: "Sir, I perceive that you are my King, and here I tender you my homage"; and Kay did as his father.

Then the three sought the Archbishop, to whom they related all that had happened; and he, much mar-

veling, called the people together to the great stone, and bade Arthur thrust back the sword and draw it forth again in the presence of all, which he did with ease.

But an angry murmur arose from the barons, who cried that what a boy could do, a man could do; so, at the Archbishop's word, the sword was put back, and each man, whether baron or knight, tried in his turn to draw it forth, and failed. Then, for the third time, Arthur drew forth the sword.

Immediately there arose from the people a great shout: "Arthur is King! Arthur is King! We will have no King but Arthur"; and, though the great barons scowled and threatened, they fell on their knees before him while the Archbishop placed the crown upon his head, and swore to obey him faithfully as their lord and sovereign.

Thus Arthur was made King; and to all he did justice, righting wrongs and giving to all their dues. Nor was he forgetful of those that had been his friends; for Kay, whom he loved as a brother, he made chief of his household, and to Sir Ector, his foster father, he gave broad lands.

—Beatrice Clay.

U'ther Pendrag'on: Uther, the leader or chief.—**Igraine**: ĭ-grān'.—**pos'tern-gate**: private gate.—**jousts** (jŭsts): mock combats between two knights.—**lists**: enclosed fields where jousts are held.—**tour'nament**: mock combats where there are several knights on each side.—**foster father**: a man who takes the place of a father in caring for a child.

ARTHUR AS KING

Thus Arthur was made King, but he had to fight for his own; for eleven great kings drew together and refused to acknowledge him as their lord, and chief amongst the rebels was King Lot of Orkney who had married Arthur's sister, Bellicent.

By Merlin's advice, Arthur sent for help over-seas, to Ban and Bors, the two great Kings who ruled in Gaul. With their aid, he overthrew his foes in a fierce battle near the river Trent; and then he passed with them into their own lands and helped them drive out their enemies. So there was ever great friendship between Arthur and the Kings Ban and Bors, and all their kindred; and afterwards some of the most famous Knights of the Round Table were of that family.

Then King Arthur set himself to restore order throughout his kingdom. To all who would submit and better their evil ways, he showed kindness; but those who persisted in wrong he removed, putting in their places others who would deal justly with the people.

And because the land had become overrun with forest during the days of misrule, he cut roads through the thickets, that no longer wild beasts and men, fiercer than the beasts, should hide in their gloom, to the harm of the weak and defenceless. Thus it came to pass that soon the peasant ploughed his fields in safety,

and where had been wastes, men dwelt again in peace and prosperity.

Amongst the lesser kings whom Arthur helped to rebuild their towns and restore order, was King Leodegrance of Cameliard. Now Leodegrance had one fair child, his daughter Guenevere; and from the time that first he saw her, Arthur gave her all his love. So he sought counsel with Merlin, his chief adviser. Merlin heard the King sorrowfully, and he said:

"Sir King, when a man's heart is set, he may not change. Yet had it been well for ye if ye had loved another."

So the King sent his knights to Leodegrance, to ask of him his daughter; and Leodegrance consented, rejoicing to wed her to so good and knightly a King. With great pomp, the princess was conducted to Canterbury, and there the King met her, and they two were wed by the Archbishop in the great cathedral, amid the rejoicings of the people.

On that same day did Arthur found his noble Order of the Round Table, the fame of which was to spread throughout Christendom and endure through all time.

Now the Round Table had been made for King Uther Pendragon by Merlin, who had meant thereby to set forth plainly to all men the roundness of the earth. After Uther died, King Leodegrance had possessed it; but when Arthur was wed, he sent it to him

as a wedding gift, and great was the King's joy at receiving it.

One hundred and fifty knights might take their places about it, and for them Merlin made seats. One hundred and twenty-eight did Arthur knight at that great feast; thereafter, if any seats were empty, at the high festival of Pentecost new knights were appointed to fill them, and by magic was the name of each knight found inscribed, in letters of gold, in his proper seat.

With pomp and ceremony did each knight take upon him the vows of true knighthood: to obey the King; to show mercy to all who asked it; to defend the weak; and for no worldly gain to fight in a wrongful cause: and all the knights rejoiced together, doing honor to Arthur and to his Queen. Then they rode forth to right the wrong and help the oppressed, and by their aid the King held his realm in peace, doing justice to all.

—Beatrice Clay.

Gaul: an old name for France.—**kin'dred**: relations.—**Leodegrance**: lē-ō' de-grans.—**Cameliard**: kă-mē' lĭ-ärd.—**Guenévere**: gwĕn' ē-vēr.—**Chris'tendom**: that portion of the world in which Christianity prevails.—**Pen'tecost**: a church festival day which commemorates the descent of the Holy Spirit on the apostles.

ARMIES IN THE FIRE

The lamps now glitter down the street;
Faintly sound the falling feet;
And the blue even slowly falls
About the garden trees and walls.

Now in the falling of the gloom
The red fire paints the empty room:
And warmly on the roof it looks,
And flickers on the backs of books.

Armies march by tower and spire
Of cities blazing, in the fire;—
Till as I gaze with staring eyes,
The armies fade, the lustre dies.

Then once again the glow returns;
Again the phantom city burns;
And down the red-hot valley, lo!
The phantom armies marching go!

Blinking embers, tell me true
Where are those armies marching to,
And what the burning city is
That crumbles in your furnaces!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

lustre (lŭs′tēr): brightness.—**phan′tom**: ghostlike.

THE BLACK BROTHERS

Part I

In a secluded and mountainous part of Styria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts.

One of these fell westward over the face of a crag so high that when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was therefore called, by the people of the neighborhood, the Golden River.

It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities.

But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three

brothers called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into *them,* and always fancied that they were seeing very far into *you.*

They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds because they pecked the fruit; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen, and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without any wages till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them and turned them out of doors without paying them.

It would have been very odd if with such a farm and such a system of farming they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally contrived to keep their own corn by them until it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to church; grumbled continually at paying taxes; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper as to have received, from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nickname of "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers; or, rather, they did not agree with *him*.

He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit—when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates—occasionally getting what was left upon them by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been got in when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation; the vines were cut to pieces by the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else.

Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked for it and got it, except

from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable-looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown.

"What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner! I'm sure when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a dry piece of bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No, it wasn't the wind; there it came again very hard, and what was particularly astonishing, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be at all afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary looking gentleman he had even seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round and very red, and one might have supposed that he had

been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders.

He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet high. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a

"swallow tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

seclud'ed: apart from others.—**Styr'ia**: part of the Austro-Hungarian empire. The Alps extend through it.—**luxu'riant**: abundant.—**fertil'ity**: fruitfulness.—**cicadas** (sĭ-kā' dăz): locusts.—**inunda'tion**: flood.—**blight**: decay.—**maledic'tions**: wishes for evil.—**refrac'tory**: hard to manage.—**al'titude**: height.—**doub'let** (dŭb'lĕt): a kind of close-fitting coat.—**exaggeration** (ĕgs-ăj-ĕr-ā' shŭn): an enlarging.

THE BLACK BROTHERS

Part II

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another and a more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hello!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door: I'm wet, let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from

the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

"I beg pardon, sir!" said Gluck. "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir, I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, petulantly. "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window, that he began to feel that it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring and throwing long bright tongues by the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing.

"He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a great gust of wind through the house that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

The old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and set himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap extended up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did not dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed, and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable; never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, at length, after watching the water spreading in long quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But—sir—I'm very sorry," said Gluck hesitatingly, "but—really, sir—you're—putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor, dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest, it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman. "I've had nothing to eat yesterday nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman, again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella

in Gluck's face. "Ay! what for indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational blow on the ear as he followed his frightened brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz, when he opened the door.

"Amen!" said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck, in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, deprecatingly, "he was so *very* wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but at that instant the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the farther end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman be-

gan very modestly, "and I saw your bright fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying-house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs!" They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz. "Do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such a red-nosed fellow as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you!"

"A little bit?" said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen!"

"Off and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round till he fell in the corner on top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans

and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction, continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him, clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and replied with perfect coolness:

"Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If I ever catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming half frightened out of the corner—but before he could finish his sentence the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang; and there drove past the window at the same instant a wreath of ragged cloud that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes, turning over and over in the air, and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

concer'to: a loud tune.—**pet'ulantly**: crossly, fretfully.—**melancholy** (měl'ăn-kŏl-ў): gloominess of spirit.—**exact'itude**: exactness.—**veloc'ity**: speed, swiftness.—**dep'recatingly**: in an apologetic manner.—**interposed'**: put between.

THE BLACK BROTHERS

Part III

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir! If ever I catch you at such a trick again—bless me, why, the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir, and have the kindness to wait in the coal cellar till I call you!"

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rushing rain without intermission! The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters and double-bar the door before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door broke open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolsters and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by the misty moonbeam which found its way through a hole in the shutter they could see in the midst of it an immense foam globe, spinning round and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to incommode you," said their visitor, ironically. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room; I've left the ceiling on there."

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit!"

"Pray Heaven it may be!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept shivering and

horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words:

SOUTHWEST WIND

—John Ruskin.

incommode': cause inconvenience.—**iron'ically**: saying one thing and meaning another.—**admoni'tion**: warning.—**Southwest Wind**: why would it prove a misfortune to the brothers not to have the Southwest Wind visit their valley again?

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

Crackle! crack! the ice is melting;
From the west the rain falls pelting;
Swish and gurgle, splash and spatter!
"Halloo! good folks, what's the matter?
Seems to me the roof is leaking!"
Jack from down below is speaking.

You know little Jack? In the spring he is seen on the swampy edge
Of the hemlock wood, looking out from the shade of the fern-wreathed ledge:

But in winter he cuddles close under a thatch of damp leaves.
Now the water is trickling fast in through his garret eaves;
And he opens his eyes, and up he starts out of his cosy bed,
And he carefully holds, while he climbs aloft, his umbrella over his head.
High time for you to be up, Jack, when every growing thing
Is washing and sunning itself, Jack, and getting ready for spring!

Little Jack, the country preacher,
Thinks, "These rustics need a teacher:
I shall scold the wild young flowers
For coquetting with the showers
That invade my honest dwelling.
What I'll tell them, there's no telling!"

They call him Jack-in-the-pulpit, he stands up so stiff and so queer
On the edge of the swamp, and waits for the flower-folk to come and hear
The text and the sermon, and all the grave things that he has to say;
But the blossoms they laugh and they dance, they are wilder than ever, to-day;

And as nobody stops to listen, so never a word has he said;
But there in his pulpit he stands, and holds his umbrella over his head.
And we have not a doubt in our minds, Jack, you are wisely listening
To the organ-chant of the winds, Jack, and the tunes that the sweet birds sing.

—Lucy Larcom.

coquetting (kō-kĕt'tĭng): acting playfully.

VOLCANOES

What a volcano is like it is easy enough to show you; for they are the most simply and beautifully shaped of all mountains, and they are alike all over the world, whether they be large or small. Almost every volcano in the world, I believe, is, or has been once, of the shape which you see in the picture on the next page.

All those sloping sides are made of cinders and ashes, braced together, I suppose, by bars of solid lava-stone inside, which prevent the whole from crumbling down. The upper part, you see, is white with snow, as far down as a line which is 15,000 feet above the sea. For this mountain is in the tropics, close to

the equator, and the snow will not lie in that hot climate any lower down.

But now and then the snow melts off, and rushes down the mountainside in floods of water and of mud,

and the cindery cone of the volcano stands out black and dreadful against the clear blue sky, and then the people of that country know what is coming. The mountain is growing so hot inside that it melts off its snowy covering; and soon it will burst forth with smoke and steam, and red-hot stones and earthquakes, which will shake the ground, and roars that will be heard, it may be, hundreds of miles away.

And now for the words *cone, crater, lava.* If I can make you understand those words, you will see why volcanoes, in general, must be of the same shape as the one in the picture opposite.

Cone, crater, lava: those words make up the alphabet of volcano learning. The cone is the outside of a huge chimney. The crater is the mouth of it. The lava is the ore which is being melted in the furnace below, that it may flow out over the surface of the old land, and make new land instead.

And where is the furnace itself? Who can tell that? Under the roots of the mountains, under the depths of the sea. For of the inside of this earth we know little. We only know that it is, on an average, several times as heavy as solid rock: but how that can be, we know not.

So let us look at the chimney, and what comes out of it; for we can see very little more.

Why is a volcano like a cone?

For the same cause for which a molehill is like a cone, though a very rough one; and that the little heaps which the burrowing beetles make on the moor, or which the ant-lions in France make in the sand, are all something in the shape of a cone, with a hole like a crater in the middle.

What the beetle and the ant-lion do on a very small scale, the steam inside the earth does on a great scale. When once it has forced a way into the outside air, it

tears out the rocks underground, grinds them small against each other, often into the finest dust, and blasts them out of the hole which it has made. Some of them fall back into the hole, and are shot out again: but most of them fall round the hole, many of them close to it, and fewer of them further off, till they are piled up in a ring round it, just as the sand is piled up round a beetle's burrow.

For days and weeks and months this goes on; even, it may be, for hundreds of years: till a great cone is formed round the steam outlet, hundreds or thousands of feet in height, of dust and stones, and of cinders likewise. For recollect, that when the steam has blown away the cold earth and rock near the surface of the ground, it begins blowing out the hot rocks down below, red-hot, white-hot, and at last actually melted. But these, as they are hurled into the cool air above, become ashes, cinders, and blocks of stone again, making the hill on which they fall larger and larger continually.

And why is the mouth of the chimney called a crater?

Crater, you may know, is Greek for a cup. And the mouth of these chimneys, when they have become choked and have stopped working, are often just the shape of a cup. I have seen some of them as beautifully and exactly rounded as if a cunning engineer had planned them, and had dug them out with a spade.

At first, of course, their sides and bottom are nothing but loose stones, cinders, ashes, such as would be thrown out of a furnace. But their ugliness is often covered over. I have seen craters covered with short turf, like so many chalk downs. I have seen them, too, filled with bushes, which held woodcocks and wild boars. Once I came on a beautiful round crater on the top of a mountain, which was filled at the bottom with a splendid crop of potatoes.

Often worn-out craters become beautiful lakes. There are many such crater-lakes in Italy, as you will see if ever you go there. Many such deep clear blue lakes have I seen in the Eifel, in Germany; and many a curious plant have I picked on their shores, where once the steam blasted, and the earthquake roared, and the ash clouds rushed up high into the heaven, and buried all the land around in dust, which is now fertile soil.

And long did I puzzle to find out why the water stood in some craters, while others, within a mile of them perhaps, were perfectly dry. That I never found out for myself. But learned men tell me that the ashes which fall back into the crater, if the bottom of it be wet from rain, will sometimes "set" (as it is called) into a hard cement; and so make the bottom of the great bowl waterproof, as if it were made of earthenware.

But what gives the craters this cup-shape at first?

Think— While the steam and stones are being blown out, the crater is an open funnel, with more or less upright walls inside. As the steam grows weaker, fewer and fewer stones fall outside, and more and more fall back again inside. At last they quite choke up the bottom of the great round hole. Perhaps, too, the lava or melted rock underneath cools and grows hard, and that chokes up the hole lower down. Then, down from the round edge of the crater the stones and cinders roll inward more and more. The rains wash them down, the wind blows them down. They roll to the middle, and meet each other, and stop. And so, gradually, the steep funnel becomes a round cup.

You may prove for yourself that it must be so, if you will try. Do you not know that if you dig a round hole in the ground, and leave it to crumble in, it is sure to become cup-shaped at last, though at first its sides may have been quite upright, like those of a bucket? If you do not know, get a spade and make your little experiment.

And now you ought to understand what "cone" and "crater" mean. And more, if you will think for yourself, you may guess what would come out of a volcano when it broke out "in an eruption," as it is usually called. First, clouds of steam and dust (what you would call smoke); then volleys of stones, some cool, some burning hot; and at the last, because it lies

lowest of all, the melted rock itself, which is called lava.

And where would that come out? At the top of the chimney? At the top of the cone?

The melted lava rises in the crater—the funnel inside the cone—but it never gets to the top. It is so enormously heavy that the sides of the cone cannot bear its weight, and give way low down. And then, through ashes and cinders, the melted lava burrows out, twisting and twirling like an enormous fiery earthworm, till it gets to the air outside, and runs off down the mountain in a stream of fire. And so you may see two eruptions at once—one of burning stones above, and one of melted lava below.

—Charles Kingsley (*Abridged*).

downs: hilly land.—**Eifel** (ī′ fĕl): a range of hills in Germany.

Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two; and then comes night.

Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime;
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

—James Russell Lowell.

THE GREAT SNOWBALL FIGHT AT BRIENNE SCHOOL

Part I

That Snowball Fight is now famous. It was in the winter of 1783. Snow fell heavily; drifts piled up in the schoolyard at Brienne. The schoolboys marveled and exclaimed; for such a snowfall was rare in France. Then they began to shiver and grumble. They shivered at the cold, to which they were not accustomed; they grumbled at the snow which, by covering their playground, kept them from their usual out-of-door sports, and held them for a time prisoners within the dark schoolrooms.

Suddenly the young Napoleon had an idea.

"What is snow for, my brothers," he exclaimed, "if not to be used? Let us use it. What say you to a snow fort and a siege? Who will join me?"

It was a novel idea; and, with all the boyish love for something new and exciting, the boys of Brienne entered into the plan at once.

"The fort, the fort, young Straw-nose!" they cried. "Show us what to do! Let us build it at once!"

With Napoleon as director, they straightway set to work. The boy had an excellent head for such things; and his mathematical knowledge, together with the preparatory study in fortifications he had already pursued in the school, did him good service.

He was not satisfied with simply piling up mounds of snow. He built regular works on a scientific plan. The snow "packed well," and the boys worked like beavers. With spades and brooms and hands and homemade wooden shovels, they built under Napoleon's directions a snow fort that set all Brienne wondering and admiring.

It took some days to build this wonderful fort. For the boys could work only in the hours of recess. But at last, when all was ready, Napoleon separated the boys into two unequal divisions. The smaller number was to hold the fort as defenders; the larger number was to form the besieging force.

At the head of the besiegers was Napoleon. Who was captain of the fort I do not know. His name has not come down to us. But the story of the Snowball Fight has.

For days the battle raged. At every recess hour the forces gathered for the exciting sport. The rule was that when once the fort was captured, the besiegers were to become its possessors, and were, in turn, to defend it from its late occupants, who were now the attacking army, increased to the required number by certain of the less skillful fighters of the successful army.

Napoleon was in his element. He was a dashing leader; but he was skillful too; and he never lost his head.

Again and again, as leader of the storming party, he would direct the attack; and at just the right moment, in the face of a shower of snowballs, he would dash from his post of observation, head the assaulting army, and, scaling the walls with the fire of victory in his eye and the shout of encouragement on his lips, would lead his soldiers over the ramparts, and with a last dash drive the defeated defenders out from the fortification.

The snow held for nearly ten days; the fight kept up as long as the snow walls, often repaired and strengthened, would hold together.

The thaw, that relentless enemy of all snow sports, came to the attack at last, and gradually dismantled the fortifications; snow for ammunition grew thin and poor, and gravel become more and more a part of the snowball manufacture.

Napoleon tried to prevent this, for he knew the danger from such weapons. But often, in the heat of battle, his commands were disregarded. One boy especially, named Bouquet, was careless or vindictive in this matter.

On the last day of the snow, Napoleon saw young Bouquet packing snowballs with dirt and gravel, and commanded him to stop. But Bouquet only flung out a hot "I won't!" at the commander, and launched his snowball against the decaying fort.

Napoleon was just about to head the grand assault.

"To the rear with you! to the rear, Bouquet! You are disqualified!" he cried.

But Bouquet was not minded to obey. He did not intend to be cheated out of his fun by any orders that "Straw-nose" should give him. Instead of obeying his commander, he sang out a contemptuous refusal, and dashed ahead, as if to take the place of his general in the post of leader of the assault.

Napoleon had no patience with disobedience. The action of Bouquet angered him; and darting forward, he collared the rebel and flung him backward down the slushy rampart.

"Imbecile!" he cried. "Learn to obey! Drag him to the rear, Jean."

The fort was carried. But "General Thaw" was too strong for the young soldiers; and that night, a rain setting in, finished the destruction of the now historic snow fort of Brienne School.

Bouquet, smarting under what he considered the disgrace that had been put upon him before his playmates, came up to Napoleon that night as he stood in the hall.

"Bah, then, smarty Straw-nose!" he cried; "you are a beast. How dare you lay hands on me, a Frenchman?"

"Because you would not obey orders," Napoleon replied. "Was not I in command?"

"You!" sneered Bouquet; "and who are you to

command? A runaway Corsican, a brigand, and the son of a brigand, like all Corsicans."

"My father is not a brigand," returned Napoleon. "He is a gentleman—which you are not."

"I am no gentleman, say you?" cried the enraged French boy. "Why, young Straw-nose, my ancestors were gentlemen under great King Louis when yours were tending sheep on your Corsican hills. My father is an officer of France; yours is——"

"Well, sir, and what is mine?" said Napoleon defiantly.

"Yours," Bouquet laughed with a mocking and cruel sneer, "yours is but a beggar in livery, a miserable constable."

Napoleon flung himself at the insulter of his father in a fury; but he was caught back by those standing by, and saved from the disgrace of breaking the rules by fighting in the school-hall.

Brienne: brē-ĕn'.—**Straw-nose**: the boys at the school called Napoleon by this name because when he first came to the school and was asked to tell his name, he pronounced it in the Italian way, as he had been brought up in that language; but the boys insisted that it sounded like the French words for "Straw-nose."—**scaling**: climbing.—**Bouquet**: bōō-kā'.—**vindic'tive**: wishing to do harm.—**im'becile**: one who is foolish or weak minded.—**Cor'sican**: an inhabitant of the island of Corsica, which is west of Italy.

THE GREAT SNOWBALL FIGHT AT BRIENNE SCHOOL

Part II

All night, however, he brooded over Bouquet's insulting words, and the desire for revenge grew hot within him.

The boy had said his father was no gentleman. No gentleman, indeed! Bouquet should see that he knew how gentlemen should act. He would not fall upon him, and beat him as he deserved. He would challenge to a duel the insulter of his father.

This was the custom. The refuge of all gentlemen who felt themselves insulted, disgraced, or persecuted in those days, was to seek revenge in a personal encounter with deadly weapons, called a duel. It is a foolish and savage way of seeking redress; but even to-day it is resorted to by those who feel themselves ill treated by their "equals." So Napoleon felt that he was doing the only wise and gentlemanly thing possible.

But, even then duelling was against the law. It was punished when men were caught at it; for schoolboys, it was considered an unheard-of crime.

Still, though against the law, all men felt that it was the only way to salve their wounded honor. Napoleon felt it would be the only manly course open to him; so, early next morning, he dispatched a friend

with a note to Bouquet. That note was a challenge. It demanded that Mr. Bouquet should meet Mr. Bonaparte at such time and place as their seconds might select, there to fight with swords until the insult that Mr. Bouquet had put upon Mr. Bonaparte should be wiped out in blood.

There was fierceness for you! But it was the fashion.

"Mr. Bouquet," however, had no desire to meet the fiery young Corsican at swords' points. So, instead of meeting his enemy, he sneaked off to one of the teachers, who, as he knew, most disliked Napoleon, and complained that the Corsican, Bonaparte, was seeking his life, and meant to kill him.

At once Napoleon was summoned before the indignant instructor.

"So, sir!" cried the teacher, "is this the way you seek to become a gentleman and officer of your king? You would murder a schoolmate; you would force him to a duel! No denial, sir; no explanation. Is this so, or not so?"

Napoleon saw that words or explanations would be in vain.

"It is so," he replied.

"Can we, then, never work out your Corsican brutality?" said the teacher. "Go, sir! you are to be imprisoned until fitting sentence for your crime can be considered."

And poor Napoleon went into the school lock-up; while Bouquet, who was the most at fault, went free.

There was almost a rebellion in school over the imprisonment of the successful general who had so bravely fought the battle of the snow fort.

Napoleon passed a day in the lock-up; then he was again summoned before the teacher who had thus punished him.

"You are an incorrigible, young Bonaparte," said the teacher. "Imprisonment can never cure you. Through it, too, you go free from your studies and tasks. I have considered the proper punishment. It is this: you are to put on to-day the penitent's woolen gown; you are to kneel during dinner-time at the door of the dining-room, where all may see your disgrace and take warning therefrom; you are to eat your dinner on your knees. Thereafter, in presence of your schoolmates assembled in the dining-room, you are to apologize to Mr. Bouquet, and ask pardon from me, as representing the school, for thus breaking the laws and acting as a bully and a murderer. Go, sir, to your room, and put on the penitent's gown."

Napoleon, as I have told you, was a high-spirited boy, and keenly felt disgrace. This sentence was as humiliating and mortifying as anything that could be put upon him. Rebel at it as he might, he knew that he would be forced to do it; and, distressed beyond

measure at thought of what he must go through, he sought his room, and flung himself on his bed in an agony of tears.

While thus "broken up," his room door opened. Supposing that the teacher, or one of the monitors, had come to prepare him for the dreadful sentence, he refused to move.

Then a voice, that certainly was not the one he expected, called to him. He raised a flushed and tearful face from the bed, and met the inquiring eyes of his father's old friend, and the "protector" of the Bonaparte family, General Marbeuf, formerly the French commander in Corsica.

"Why, Napoleon, boy! what does all this mean?" inquired the general. "Have you been in mischief? What is the trouble?"

The visit came as a climax to a most exciting event. In it Napoleon saw escape from the disgrace he so feared, and the injustice against which he so rebelled. With a joyful shout he flung himself impulsively at his friend's feet, clasped his knees, and begged for his protection. The boy, you see, was still unnerved and overwrought, and was not as cool or self-possessed as usual.

Gradually, however, he calmed down, and told General Marbeuf the whole story.

The general was indignant at the injustice of the sentence. But he laughed heartily at the idea of

this fourteen-year-old boy challenging another to a duel.

"Why, what a fire-eater he is!" he cried. "But you had cause, boy. This Bouquet is a sneak, and your teacher is a tyrant. But we will change it all; see now! I will seek out the principal. I will explain it all. He shall see it rightly, and you shall not be thus disgraced. No, sir! not if I, General Marbeuf, intrench myself alone with you behind what is left of your slushy snow fort yonder, and fight all Brienne school in your behalf —teachers and all. So cheer up, lad! We will make it right."

General Marbeuf did make it all right. Bouquet was called to account; the teacher who had so often made it unpleasant for Napoleon was sharply reprimanded; and the principal, having his attention drawn to the persistent persecution of this boy from Corsica, consented to his release from imprisonment, while sternly lecturing him on the sin of duelling.

—Eugénie Foa.

revenge': a returning of evil for evil.—**redress'**: a setting right of a wrong or injury.—**incor'rigible**: one who will not be corrected.—**Marbeuf**: mär-bŭf'.—**cli'max**: highest point.—**rep'rimanded**: scolded, blamed.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE

Come, let us plant the apple-tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gentle lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care.
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;
We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard-row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;

A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant, sprigs of bloom
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.

—William Cullen Bryant (*Abridged*).

cleave: cut.—**green'sward**: turf, green with grass.—**mould**: earth, soil.

THE BEAR THAT HAD A BANK ACCOUNT

Part I

You may not believe it, but the bear I am going to tell you about really had a bank account! He lived in the woods, as most bears do; but he had a reputation which extended over all Norway and more than half of England. Earls and baronets came every summer, with repeating-rifles and field-glasses and portable cooking-stoves, intent upon killing him. But Mr.

Bruin, whose only weapons were a pair of paws and a pair of jaws, both uncommonly good of their kind, always managed to get away unharmed; and that was sometimes more than the earls and the baronets did.

One summer the Crown Prince of Germany came to Norway. He also heard of the famous bear that no one could kill, and made up his mind that he was the man to kill it. He trudged for two days through bogs, and climbed through glens and ravines, before he came on the scent of a bear, and a bear's scent, you may know, is strong, and quite unmistakable.

Finally he discovered some tracks in the moss, like those of a barefooted man, or, I should rather say, perhaps, a man-footed bear. The Prince was just turning the corner of a projecting rock, when he saw a huge, shaggy beast standing on its hind legs, examining in a leisurely manner the inside of a hollow tree, while a swarm of bees were busily buzzing about its ears.

It was just hauling out a handful of honey, and was smiling with a horrible mirth, when His Royal Highness sent a bullet right into its breast, where its heart must have been, if it had one. But, instead of falling down flat, as it ought to have done, out of respect to the Prince, it coolly turned its back, and gave a disgusted nod over its shoulder as it trudged away through the underbrush.

The attendants went through the woods and beat the bushes in all directions, but Mr. Bruin was no more to be seen that afternoon. It was as if he had sunk into the earth; not a trace of him was to be found by either dogs or men.

From that time forth the rumor spread abroad that this Gausdale Bruin (for that was the name by which he became known) was enchanted. It was said that he shook off bullets as a duck does water; that he had the evil eye, and could bring misfortune to whomsoever he looked upon. The peasants dreaded to meet him, and ceased to hunt him. His size was described as something enormous, his teeth, his claws, and his eyes, as being frightful beyond any human idea.

In the meanwhile Mr. Bruin had it all his own way in the mountains, killed a young bull or a fat heifer for his dinner every day or two, chased in pure sport a herd of sheep over a precipice; and as for Lars Moe's bay mare Stella, he nearly finished her, leaving his claw-marks on her flank in a way that spoiled her beauty forever.

Now Lars Moe himself was too old to hunt; and his nephew was—well, he was not old enough. There was, in fact, no one in the valley who was of the right age to hunt this Gausdale Bruin. It was of no use that Lars Moe egged on the young lads to try their luck, shaming them, or offering them rewards, according as his mood might happen to be.

He was the wealthiest man in the valley, and his mare Stella had been the apple of his eye. He felt it as a personal insult that the bear should have dared to harm what belonged to him, especially the most precious of all his possessions. It cut him to the heart to see the poor wounded beauty, with those cruel scratches on her thigh, and one stiff, aching leg done up in oil and cotton.

When he opened the stable-door, and was greeted by Stella's low, friendly neighing, or when she limped forward in her box-stall and put her small, well-shaped head on his shoulder, then Lars Moe's heart swelled until it seemed on the point of breaking.

And so it came to pass that he added a codicil to

his will, setting aside five hundred dollars of his estate as a reward to the man who, within six years, should kill the Gausdale Bruin.

Soon after that Lars Moe died, as some said, from grief and anger; though the physician declared that it was of rheumatism of the heart. At any rate, the codicil relating to the enchanted bear was duly read before the church door, and pasted, among other notices, in the vestibules of the judge's and the sheriff's offices. When the executors had settled up the estate, the question arose in whose name or to whose credit should be deposited the money which was to be set aside for the benefit of the bear-slayer. No one knew who would kill the bear, or if any one would kill it. It was a puzzling question.

"Why, deposit it to the credit of the bear," said one executor; "then, in the absence of other heirs, his slayer will inherit it. That is good old Norwegian practice, though I don't know whether it has ever been the law."

"All right," said the other executors, "so long as it is understood who is to have the money, it does not matter."

And so an amount equal to five hundred dollars was deposited in the county bank to the credit of the Gausdale Bruin. Sir Barry Worthington, who came to Norway the following summer for the shooting, heard the story, and thought it a good one. So, after having

vainly tried to earn the prize himself, he added another five hundred dollars to the deposit, with the condition that he was to have the skin.

But his rival for political honors, Robert Stapleton, the great iron-master, who had come to Norway chiefly to outshine Sir Barry, determined that he was to have the skin of that famous bear, if any one was to have it, and that, at all events, Sir Barry should not have it. So Mr. Stapleton added seven hundred and fifty dollars to the bear's bank account, with the condition that the skin should come to him.

Mr. Bruin, in the meanwhile, as if to resent this quarreling about the possession of his skin, did more damage among the herds than ever, and compelled several peasants to move their dairies to other parts of the mountains, where the pastures were poorer, but where they would be free from his robberies. If the one thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars in the bank had been meant as a bribe for good behavior, such as was formerly paid to Italian brigands, it certainly could not have had a more opposite effect; for all agreed that, since Lars Moe's death, Bruin misbehaved more than ever.

prec'ipice: a steep place, a cliff.—**cod'icil**: an addition to a will, usually made some time after the will itself.—**exec'utors**: people appointed to see that a will is carried out.

THE BEAR THAT HAD A BANK ACCOUNT

Part II

There was an odd clause in Lars Moe's will besides the codicil relating to the bear. It read:

"I hereby give and bequeath to my daughter Unna, or, in case of her decease, to her oldest living child, my bay mare, Stella, as a token that I have forgiven her the sorrow she caused me by her marriage."

It seemed unbelievable that Lars Moe should wish to play a practical joke (and a bad one at that) on his only child, his daughter Unna, because she had displeased him by her marriage. Yet that was the common opinion in the valley when this singular clause became known. Unna had married Thorkel Tomlevold, a poor man, and had refused her cousin, the great lumber-dealer, Morten Janson, whom her father had selected for a son-in-law.

She dwelt now in a cottage, northward in the parish; and her husband, who was a sturdy and fine-looking fellow, made a living by hunting and fishing. But they surely had no place for a broken-down, wounded, trotting mare, which could not even draw a plough.

It is true Unna, in the days of her girlhood, had been very fond of the mare, and it is only charitable to suppose that the clause, which was in the body of the will, was written while Stella was in her prime, and

before she had suffered at the paws of the Gausdale Bruin. But even granting that, one could scarcely help suspecting malice aforethought in the curious clause.

To Unna the gift was meant to say, as plainly as possible, "There, you see what you have lost by disobeying your father! If you had married according to his wishes, you would have been able to accept the gift, while now you are obliged to decline it like a beggar."

But if it was Lars Moe's intention to convey such a message to his daughter, he failed to take into account his daughter's spirit. She appeared plainly but decently dressed at the reading of the will, and carried her head not a bit less proudly than was her wont in her maiden days. She exhibited no anger when she found that Janson was her father's heir and that she was disinherited. She even listened with perfect composure to the reading of the clause which bequeathed to her the broken-down mare.

It at once became a matter of pride with her to accept her girlhood's favorite, and accept it she did! And having borrowed a side-saddle, she rode home, apparently quite contented. A little shed, or lean-to, was built in the rear of the house, and Stella became a member of Thorkel Tomlevold's family. Odd as it may seem, the fortunes of the family took a turn for the better from the day she arrived; Thorkel rarely came home without big game, and in his traps he

caught more than any three other men in all the parish.

"The mare has brought us luck," he said to his wife. "If she can't plough, she can at all events pull the sleigh to church; and you have as good a right as any one to put on airs, if you choose."

"Yes, she has brought us blessing," replied Unna, quietly; "and we are going to keep her till she dies of old age."

To the children Stella became a pet, as much as if she had been a dog or a cat. The little boy Lars climbed all over her, and kissed her regularly good-morning when she put her handsome head in through the kitchen-door to get her lump of sugar.

She was as gentle as a lamb and as intelligent as a dog. Her great brown eyes, with their soft, liquid look, spoke as plainly as words could speak, expressing pleasure when she was patted; and the low neighing with which she greeted the little boy, when she heard his footsteps at the door, was to him like the voice of a friend. He grew to love this handsome and noble animal as he had loved nothing on earth except his father and mother.

As a matter of course he heard a hundred times the story of Stella's adventure with the terrible Gausdale Bruin. It was a story that never lost its interest, that seemed to grow more exciting the oftener it was told. The deep scars of the bear's claws in Stella's thigh were

curiously examined, and each time gave rise to new questions.

The mare became quite an heroic character, and the suggestion was frequently discussed between Lars and his little sister Marit, whether Stella might not be an enchanted princess who was waiting for some one to cut off her head, so that she might show herself in her glory. Marit thought the experiment well worth trying, but Lars had his doubts, and was unwilling to take the risk; yet if she brought luck, as his mother said, then she certainly must be something more than an ordinary horse.

Stella had dragged little Lars out of the river when he fell overboard from the pier; and that, too, showed more sense than he had ever known a horse to have.

There could be no doubt in his mind that Stella was an enchanted princess. And instantly the thought occurred to him that the dreadful enchanted bear with the evil eye was the sorcerer, and that, when he was killed, Stella would resume her human shape. It soon became clear to him that he was the boy to accomplish this heroic deed; and it was equally plain to him that he must keep his purpose secret from all except Marit, as his mother would surely discourage him from engaging in so perilous an enterprise.

First of all, he had to learn how to shoot; and his father, who was the best shot in the valley, was very willing to teach him. It seemed quite natural to Thor-

kel that a hunter's son should take readily to the rifle; and it gave him great satisfaction to see how true his boy's aim was, and how steady his hand.

"Father," said Lars one day, "you shoot so well, why haven't you ever tried to kill the Gausdale Bruin that hurt Stella so badly?"

"Hush, child! you don't know what you are talking about," answered his father; "no leaden bullet will harm that wicked beast."

"Why not?"

"I don't like to talk about it, but it is well known that he is enchanted."

"But will he then live forever? Is there no sort of bullet that will kill him?" asked the boy.

"I don't know. I don't want to have anything to do with witchcraft," said Thorkel.

The word "witchcraft" set the boy to thinking, and he suddenly remembered that he had been warned not to speak to an old woman named Martha Pladsen, because she was a witch. Now, she was probably the very one who could tell him what he wanted to know. Her cottage lay close up under the mountain-side, about two miles from his home. He did not deliberate long before going to seek this mysterious person, about whom the most remarkable stories were told in the valley.

To his astonishment, she received him kindly, gave him a cup of coffee with rock candy, and declared that

she had long expected him. The bullet which was to slay the enchanted bear had long been in her possession; and she would give it to him if he would promise to give her the beast's heart. He did not have to be asked twice for that; and off he started gayly with his prize in his pocket.

It was rather an odd-looking bullet, made of silver, marked with a cross on one side and with a lot of queer illegible figures on the other. It seemed to burn in his pocket, so anxious was he to start out at once to release the beloved Stella from the cruel enchantment. But Martha had said that the bear could only be killed when the moon was full; and until the moon was full he accordingly had to control his impatience.

clause: as here used, a separate part of a written paper, —**decease'**: death.—**mal'ice**: ill will, enmity.—**illegible** (ĭl-lĕj'i-b'l): not capable of being read.

THE BEAR THAT HAD A BANK ACCOUNT

Part III

It was a bright morning in January, and, as it happened, Lars' fourteenth birthday. To his great delight, his mother had gone down to the judge's to sell some game, and his father had gone to cut down some timber up in the glen. Accordingly, he could secure the rifle without being observed. He bade an affectionate good-by to Stella, who rubbed her soft nose against

his own, playfully pulled at his coat-collar, and blew her sweet, warm breath in his face.

Lars was a simple-hearted boy, in spite of his age, and quite a child at heart. He had lived so far away from other people, and breathed so long the atmosphere of fairy tales, that he could see nothing at all absurd in what he was about to undertake. The youngest son in the storybook always did just that sort of thing, and everybody praised and admired him for it.

Lars meant, for once, to put the storybook hero into the shade. He engaged little Marit to watch over Stella while he was gone, and under no circumstances to betray him—all of which Marit solemnly promised.

With his rifle on his shoulder and his skees on his feet, Lars glided slowly along over the glittering surface of the snow, for the mountain was steep, and he had to zigzag in long lines before he reached the upper heights, where the bear was said to have his haunts. The place where Bruin had his winter den had once been pointed out to him, and he remembered yet how pale his father was, when he found that he had strayed by chance into so dangerous a neighborhood.

Lars' heart, too, beat rather uneasily as he saw the two heaps of stones, called "The Parson" and "The Deacon," and the two huge fir trees which marked the dreaded spot. It had been customary from immemorial time for each person who passed along the road to throw a large stone on the Parson's heap, and

a small one on the Deacon's; but since the Gausdale Bruin had gone into winter quarters there, the stone heaps had ceased to grow.

Under the great knotted roots of the fir trees there was a hole, which was more than half-covered with snow; and it was noticeable that there was not a track of bird or beast to be seen anywhere around it.

Lars, who on the way had been upheld by the sense of his heroism, began now to feel strangely uncomfortable. It was so awfully hushed and still round about him; not the scream of a bird—not even the falling of a broken bough was to be heard. The pines stood in lines and in clumps, solemn, like a funeral procession, shrouded in white.

Even if a crow had cawed it would have been a relief to the frightened boy—for it must be confessed that he was a trifle frightened—if only a little shower of snow had fallen upon his head from the heavily laden branches, he would have been grateful for it, for it would have broken the spell of this uncomfortably heavy silence.

There could be no doubt of it; inside, under those tree-roots, slept Stella's foe, the dreaded enchanted beast who had put the boldest of hunters to flight, and set lords and baronets quarreling for the privilege of possessing his skin. Lars became suddenly aware that it was a foolhardy thing he had undertaken, and that he had better betake himself home.

But then, again, had not Witch-Martha said that she had been waiting for him; that he was destined by fate to accomplish this deed, just as the youngest son had been in the storybook? Yes, to be sure, she had said that; and it was a comforting thought.

Accordingly, having again examined his rifle, which he had carefully loaded with the silver bullet before leaving home, he started boldly forward, climbed up on the little hillock between the two trees, and began to pound it lustily with the butt end of his gun. He listened for a moment trembling, and heard distinctly long, heavy sighs from within.

His heart stood still. The bear was awake! Soon he would have to face it! A minute more passed; Lars' heart shot up in his throat. He leaped down, placed himself in front of the entrance to the den, and cocked his rifle. Three long minutes passed. Bruin had evidently gone to sleep again.

Wild with excitement, the boy rushed forward and drove his skee-staff straight into the den with all his might. A sullen growl was heard, like a deep and menacing thunder. There could be no doubt that now the monster would take him to task for his impertinence.

Again the boy seized his rifle; and his nerves, though tense as stretched bow-strings, seemed suddenly calm and steady. He lifted the rifle to his cheek, and resolved not to shoot until he had a clear aim at

heart or brain. Bruin, though Lars could hear him rummaging within, was in no hurry to come out.

He sighed and growled uproariously, and presently showed a terrible, long-clawed paw, which he thrust out through his door and then again withdrew. But apparently it took him a long while to get his mind clear as to the cause of the disturbance; for fully five minutes had passed when suddenly a big tuft of moss was tossed out upon the snow, followed by a cloud of dust and an angry creaking of the tree-roots.

Great masses of snow were shaken from the swaying tops of the firs, and fell with light thuds upon the ground. In the face of this unexpected shower, which entirely hid the entrance to the den, Lars was obliged to fall back a dozen paces; but, as the glittering drizzle cleared away, he saw an enormous brown beast standing upon its hind legs, with widely distended jaws.

He was conscious of no fear, but of a curious numbness in his limbs, and strange noises, as of warning shouts and cries, filling his ears. Fortunately, the great glare of the sun on the snow dazzled the bear; he advanced slowly, roaring savagely, but staring rather blindly before him out of his small, evil-looking eyes.

Suddenly, when he was but a few yards distant, he raised his great paw, as if to rub away the cobwebs that obscured his sight. It was the moment for which

the boy had waited. Now he had a clear aim! Quickly he pulled the trigger; the shot reverberated from mountain to mountain, and in the same instant the huge

brown bulk rolled in the snow, gave a gasp, and was dead!

The spell was broken! The silver bullet had pierced his heart. There was a curious unreality about the whole thing to Lars. He scarcely knew whether he was really himself or the hero of the fairy-tale. All that was left for him to do now was to go home and marry Stella, the delivered princess.

The noises about him seemed to come nearer and nearer; and now they sounded like human voices. He

looked about him, and to his amazement saw his father and Marit, followed by two woodcutters, who, with raised axes, were running toward him. Then he did not know exactly what happened; but he felt himself lifted up by two strong arms, and tears fell hot and fast upon his face.

"My boy! my boy!" said the voice in his ears, "I expected to find you dead."

"No, but the bear is dead," said Lars, innocently.

"I didn't mean to tell on you, Lars," cried Marit, "but I was so afraid, and then I had to."

The rumor soon filled the whole valley that the great Gausdale Bruin was dead, and that the boy Lars Tomlevold had killed him. It is needless to say that Lars Tomlevold became the parish hero from that day. He did not dare to confess in the presence of all this praise and wonder that at heart he was bitterly disappointed; for when he came home, throbbing with wild expectancy, there stood Stella before the kitchen door, munching a piece of bread; and when she hailed him with a low whinny, he burst into tears. But he dared not tell any one why he was weeping.

This story might have ended here, but it has a little sequel. The one thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars which Bruin had to his credit in the bank had increased to two thousand two hundred and ninety dollars; and it was all paid to Lars. A few years later, Marten Janson, who had inherited the estate of Moe

from old Lars, failed in his business, and young Lars was enabled to buy the farm at auction at less than half its value.

Thus he had the happiness to bring his mother back to the place of her birth, of which she had been wrongfully deprived; and Stella, who was now twenty-one, years old, occupied once more her handsome box-stall, as in the days of her glory. And although she never proved to be a princess, she was treated as if she were one, during the few years that remained to her.

—Hjalmar H. Boyesen.

distend'ed: stretched wide.

THE BUILDERS

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

architects (är′ kĭ-tĕkts): persons skilled in the art of building.

VOCABULARY

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

The following guide to pronunciation is based upon that given in Webster's International Dictionary. Silent letters are shown by italics.

ā as in lāte	ĕ as in ĕnd	ô as in lôrd	ȳ as in flȳ
a̓ " " delica̓te	ē " " fērn	ŏ " " nŏt	y̆ " " city̆
â " " câre	ēē " " fēēt	o̤ " " mo̤ve	
ă " " făt		o͞o " " fo͞od	oi " " toil
ä " " fär	ī " " tīme	o͝o " " fo͝ot	oy " " boy
å " " ásk	i̇ " " i̇dea		ou " " out
a̤ " " fa̤ll	ĭ " " pĭn	ū " " ūse	
a̤ " " wha̤t	ī " " sīr	u̇ " " u̇nite	
	ï " " machïne	ṳ " " rṳde	
ē " " ēve		ṳ " " fṳll	
e̊ " " e̊vent	ō " " tōld	ŭ " " cŭp	
ê " " thêre	o̊ " " o̊bey	û " " tûrn	

c	as in can	n̲ (= ng)	as in iṇk	wh (= hw)	as in when
ç	" " çent	ph	" " Philadelphia	x	" " vex
ch	" " chair	s	" " sing	x̲ (= gz)	" " ex̲act
ċh	" " ċhorus	ş	" " has̨	tion = shun	
g	" " go	th	" " thing	sion = shun	
ġ (= j)	" " aġe	t̄h	" " then	s̨ion = zhun	

The words in the following list include all the more difficult words in the lessons of this book, excepting those which may have been listed in the preceding books of the series.

ăb′ ȧ cŭs
ăb sôrbed′
ȧ căd′ ĕ mў
ăc com′ pȧ nïēd
(ŭ)
ăc cŏm′ plĭsh
ȧ chïēved′
ăd hēred′
ăd mŏ nĭ′ tion
Ăg ȧ mĕm′ nŏn
ăġ′ ĭle
ăl′ tĕr nāt ĕd
ăl′ tĭ tūde
ăn ġĕl′ ĭc
ăn tĕn′ naē
ăn tĭç ĭ pā′ tion
ărch bĭsh′ op
(ŭ)
är′ ehĭ tĕcts̨
ăs ȧ foĕt′ ĭ dȧ
ăs çĕnd′ ĭng
Ăs′ gärd
ăs sa̤ult′ ĭng
ăth′ lēte

ăt tīred′
ăt′ tĭ tūde

Bā′ al
(ŭ)
bāil′ ĭff
Bạl′ dẽr
băl′ last
băr′ on ĕtṣ
(ŭ)
bặr rĭ cāde′
Bĕl shăz′ zär
bĕn′ ĭ ṣon
bė̆ quēath′
(kw)
Brï ĕnne′
brĭg′ and
Brụ′ ĭn
brụ tăl′ ĭ tỹ

Căm bă lục′
Cām′ brĭdġe
Căm ė̆′ lï ärd
căm pāign′
căm′ phor
(ẽ)
Căn′ tẽr bury
(ĕ)
cȧ thē′ dral
cạu′ tion
çĕr′ ė̆ mȯ̆ nỹ
Єhăl dē′ anṣ
chăr′ ĭ tȧ b′le
chē′ wĭn̲ks
Єhrĭs′ ten dom
(ŭ)
çĭ cā′ dȧṣ

clăm′ or
(ẽ)
clạuṣe
cŏd′ ĭ çĭl
cŏm pō′ sū̆re
(zh)
cŏm pound′ ĕd
cŏn çẽr′ tȯ̆
cŏn′ ĭ cal
cŏn′ sė̆ crȧ̆t ĕd
cŏn′ sė̆ quĕnt lỹ
(kw)
cŏn sīgned′
cŏn sŭl tā′ tion
cŏn tĕmp′ tū̆ oŭs
cȯ̆ quĕt′ tĭng
(k)
côrse′ lĕt
Côr′ sĭ can
Cŏth′ ĕl stone
(ŭ)
cough′ ĭng
(kạf)
crė̆ dū′ lĭ tỹ
crụ sā′ dẽrṣ
cŭr′ rĕn çỹ
cŭs′ tom ȧ̆ rỹ
(ŭ)

dė̆ clīn′ ĭng
dē′ ĭ tỹ
dė̆ lĭb ẽr ȧ̆′ tion
dĕl′ ĭ cȧ çiēṣ
dĕp′ rė̆ cā tĭng lỹ
dė̆ rĭ′ ṣion
dė̆ scĕnd′ ant

dĕs ȯ̆ lā′ tion
dĕs tĭ nā′ tion
dĕs′ tĭned
dĭs dāin′
dĭs ĭn hĕr′ ĭt ĕd
dĭs măn′ tl′ed
dĭs qual′ ĭ fīed
(kwŏl)
dĭs tĕnd′ ĕd
doffed
(dŏft)
doŭb′ lĕt
drought

ẽarlṣ
Eī′ fĕl
ė̆ lūd′ ĕd
ĕm bănk′ mentṣ
ĕm′ bas sỹ
ė̆ mẽr′ gĕn çiēṣ
ĕm pow′ ẽred
(ou)
ĕn coun′ tẽr
ĕn ẽr ġĕt′ ĭc
ė̆ nôr′ moŭs
ĕn tăn̲′ g′le ment
ĕn′ tẽr prīṣe
ĕn thū′ ṣĭ ăṣm
ė̆ quĭpped′
(kw)
ē′ rȧ
ĕs tăb′ lĭshed
ĕv′ ĭ dençe
ĕx̱ ăct′ ĭ tūde
ĕx̱ ăġ gẽr ā′ tion
ĕx̱ ạlt′ ĕd

ĕx cĕp′ tion
ĕx̱ ĕc′ ŭ tors
(ē)
ĕx pĕ dĭ′ tionṣ
ĕx pĕr′ ĭ ment
ĕx traôr′ dĭ nȧ̆ rў
ĕx ŭl tā′ tion
Ė̆ zē′ kĭ ĕl

fạl′ co'n- guīṣe
fĕr tīl′ ĭ tў
fĕr′ule
(īl)
Fōlk′ väng
fŏr′ ȧġ ĭng
fŏr′ eĭgn
fôr tĭ fĭ cā tionṣ
Fré′ mŏnt
(frē)
Freў̄′ ȧ

gāit
Gạuṣ′ dāle
gĕn ĕr ā′ tionṣ
ġĕ rā′ nĭ ŭmṣ
glū′ tĭ′ noŭs
grăm′ pŭs
grēen′ swạrd
grŏsch′ en
guä′ vȧ
(w)
Guĕn′ ĕ vēre
(w)
gŭn′ wȧ̆le
Gụ′ tĕn bĕrg

Hä*ar*′ lĕm
hăb′ ĭt ȧ b'le
här pōōn′
hạunch′ ĕṣ
Heīm′ däl
hĕ rō′ ĭc
hĕr′ ŏ ĭṣ'm
hĕṣ′ ĭ tā tĭng lў
hĭn′ dĕr ançe
hĭs tŏr′ ĭc
hŭ mĭl′ ĭ āt ĭng
hŭ mĭl′ ĭ tў
hў̄ ē′ nȧ

ĭg′ nŏ rant
Ĭ grāine′
ĭl lĕġ′ ĭ b'le
ĭm mĕ mō′ rĭ al
ĭm pĕd′ ĭ ment
ĭm pŭl′ sĭve lў
ĭn cŏm mōde′
ĭn cŏn vēn′ iĕn çĕṣ
(y)
ĭn cŏr′ rĭġ ĭb'le
ĭn crĕd′ ĭb'le
ĭn′ dĭ gŏ
ĭn dŭs′ trĭ oŭs
in ġēn′ ioŭs
(y)
ĭn ĭ′ tial
(shal)
ĭn ĭ′ ti ātеṣ
(shĭ)
ĭn′ stĭnct
ĭn stĭnct′ ĭve lў
ĭn tĕr mĭs′ sion
ĭn tĕr pōṣed′

ĭn′ tĕr valṣ
ĭn ŭn dā′ tion
ĭ rŏn′ ĭ cal lў
ĭr rĕv′ ĕr ençe

jew′ ĕl rў
(ū)
Jō′ tŭn heīm
(y)
joŭstṣ
jū′ nĭ pĕr

knăp′ săck
kō′ bŏld

lȧ bō′ rĭ oŭs lў
lȧ crŏsse′
lāthe
lĕv′ ĕeṣ
Lē ō′ dĕ grançe
lĭeh′ ĕn
lōath
Lō′ kĕ
lounġed
lŭs′ tĭ lў
lŭx̱ ū′ rĭ ant

măc ăd′ am
Mȧ dēi′ rȧṣ
Măg′ nĕs
Măh′ lŏn
mȧ jĕs′ tĭ cal lў
mȧ jŏr′ ĭ tў
măl ĕ dĭc′ tion
măl′ĕ făc torṣ
(ē)

măl′ ĭçe
măm′ mŏth
Mär′ beŭf′
mär′ tiaĭ
(shal)
măth ē măt′ ĭ cal
Maȳ ence′
(ŏns)
mē ehăn′ ĭcs
mĕd′ ĭ tā tĭve lў
mĕl′ ăn ehŏl ў
Mĕm′ phĭs
mĕn′ āçe
Mjol′ nēr
(yŭ)
mĭ gnon ĕtte′
(mĭn yŭn)
mĭn′ ĭ ā tūre
mĭs′ chi′ĕv oŭs
mō′ mĕn tā rў
mŏn′ stroŭs
môr′ tĭ fīed
mŏt′ leў
moun taĭn ēer′
mŭl tĭ tūd′ ĭn oŭs
mў́s tē′ rĭ oŭs
mў́s tĭ fīed
mў́th ō lŏġ′ ĭ cal

Năs′ sąu
năv′ ĭ gāt ĭng
Nŏr wē′ ġĭ anş
nŭmb′ nĕss

ŏb′ stā c′le
ŏb strŭc′ tion
Ō jĭb′ wāyş
ŏr′ ā c′le
ŏr′ ĭ ġĭn
ō′ rĭ ōleş
ŏst′ lēr

pā gō′ dā
pā pȳ′ rŭs
păr′ ā lȳzed
pärch′ ment
pär′ trĭdġe
Pĕn drăg′ on
(ŭ)
pĕn′ ĭ tent
pĕr′ ĭ wĭn k′le
pĕr sē cū′ tion
pĕr sĭst′ ent
pĕt′ ŭ lant lў
Phā raōh
phĕaş′ ant
phē nŏm′ ē nal
pĭv′ ot
(ŭ)
plāgue
pōach ēr
pō lĭt′ ĭ cal
pŏp′ ŭ loŭs
pōs′ tērn-gāte
pō′ tionş
prĕç′ ĭ pĭçe
prē lūdeş′ (verb)
prē păr′ ā tō rў
prō bŏs′ çĭs
prō fĕs′ sionş
prŏf′ ĭt ā blў
prō jĕct′ ĭng
prŏph′ ē sў
prŏv′ ĭ dençe

queue
(kū)
quōth
(kw)

răl′ lĭēd
răm′ pant
rā vĭne′
rē ăl ĭ zā′ tion
rĕalm
rĕc ŏg nĭ′ tion
rē drĕss′
rē ĕch′ ŏed
rē frăc′ tō rў
reign
(rān)
rē lūc′ tant lў
Rĕn′ ard
(ē)
rĕp ē tĭ′ tion
rĕp rē şĕnt′ ā tĭve
rĕp′ rĭ mănd ĕd
rĕp ŭ tā′ tion
rĕv′ ĕl ērş
rē vĕrsed′
rē vōlt′ ĕd
rheų′ mā tĭşm
rhi nŏç′ ę rŏs
rō măn′ tĭc
rŭm′ măġ ĭng

Săc ra mĕn′ tō
săc rĭ lē′ ġioŭs

så gā′ cious
(shŭs)
săl*m*′ on
(ŭ)
Săn tē*e*′
săs′ så frăs
sā′ vor y̆
(ĕ)
Săx′ on y̆
(ŭ)
scī ĕn tĭf′ ĭc
scrụ′ tĭ nў
sė clūd′ ĕd
sĕm′ ĭ nå rў
sĕn tĭ mĕn′ t*a*l
sē′ quĕl
(kw)
shăl′ lop
(ŭ)
shr*i*ēk
sĭm′ ĭ lar lў
(ĕ)
Sioux
(sōō)
Sĭs′ sĕ ton
(ŭ)
sĭt ŭ ā′ tion
Sŏmm*e*
sŏ lĕm′ nĭ tў
sŏl′ ĭ tūd*e*
sôr′ çĕr ĕr
sov′ ĕr *eig*n
(ŭ)
Spä*a*r′ ĕn
sphēr*e*
stăg′ n*a*nt
stī′ f′led
Străş′ bûrg
Stў r′ ĭ ä
sū pĕr stĭ′ tious
(shŭs)
sŭp pŏ ş*i*′ tion
sŭs tā*i*n′

tăn′ å ġĕrş
tăn′ tå līz ĭng
tĕn′ sion
tĕth′ ĕred
t*h*äl′ ĕrş
thēmeş
thē′ ŏ r*i*ēş
thī*gh*ş
Thôr
Thŭ rĭn′ jĭ *a*n
tŏ bŏg′ g*a*n
tou′ căn
(ōō)
tour′ nå m*e*nt
(ōō)
trăf′ fĭc
trė mĕn′ doŭs
tûr′ m*o*il

ŭnc′ tion
ū′ nĭ son
(ŭ)
ū nĭ vĕr′ s*a*l
ŭn lĕav′ *e*′ned
ŭn rė frĕshed′
ŭp rōar′ ĭ oŭs lў
Ûr′ b*a*n
ûr′ chĭn
Ū′ thĕr

Văl′ ė mond
(ŭ)
vĕl′ lŭm
vē′ hĭ c′l*e*
vė lŏç′ ĭ tў
vĕn′ ĕr å b′l*e*
vĕs′ tĭ būleş
vĭg′ or
(ĕ)
vĭg′ or *o*ŭs lў
(ĕ)
vĭn dĭc′ tĭv*e*
vĭ′ şion å rў

whĭn′ nў
w*ie*ld

Yôrk′ sh*ĭr*e

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